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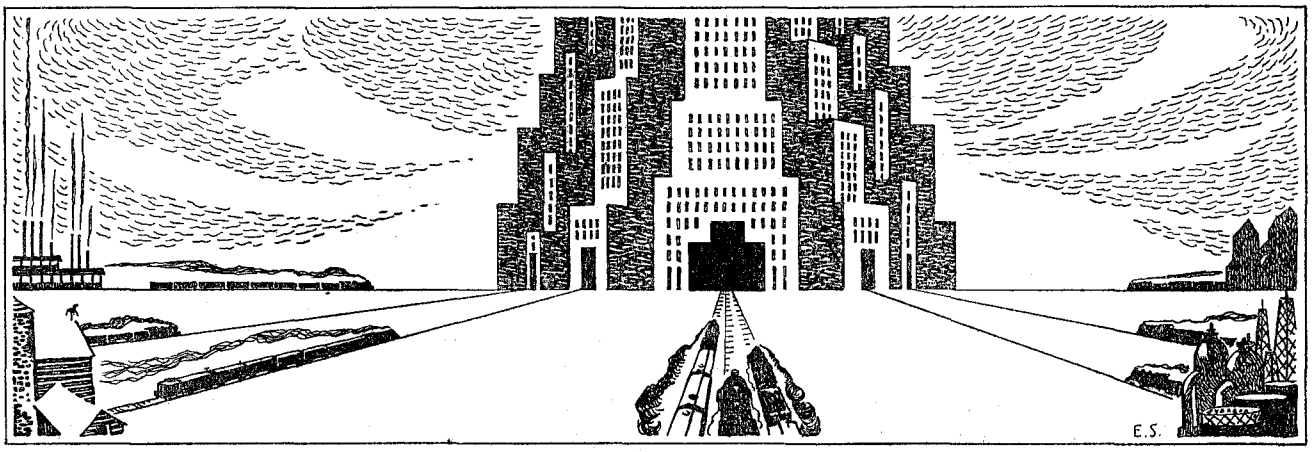

A High Road for Business

By A. A. Berle, Jr.

An adviser to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and an author of "The Modern Corporation and Private Property" sees the path of social responsibility as a way to business salvation.

It is time that we took account of stock. Apparently business life in America—it is economic life, if you choose to be academic in your lingo—is faced with two possibilities. There are others, but two only offer a practical line of approach. One of them is called collectivism, and appears under all guises, from the mild doctrines of government ownership to the extremes of communism and fascism. All of these are guided by the central thought that business can run successfully only if collectivized to a point where the individual ceases to play any great part in economics, leaving that to a central control which undertakes the responsibility of feeding him and clothing him, freeing him to pursue the finer and nobler aims of æsthetics and philosophy.

The alternative, in my view, is a thoroughly responsible, organized business community.

I

In the year of grace 1932, American civilization found itself in a dilemma which it would be mild to characterize as curious. We were the greatest single area (barring Russia) where trade was free. We had warehouses bursting with food stuffs of all kinds. We had a manufacturing plant second to none, with a more than ample supply of trained workmen, a technical staff of unchallenged efficiency. Every desire for goods or gadgets, for services or scenery, could be satisfied. And yet the great machine was slowly coming to a dead centre. In the face of supply, men went hungry; in the face of unexampled possibilities for luxury, life was rapidly slipping toward squalor. The law of supply and demand, which theoretically means that when there is a want business promptly supplies it, had been hit below the belt by the more accurate law that business will supply only an effective demand. In business language, it doesn't matter what the customer wants, but what he can pay for. The more we were able to supply, the less we were able to create an effective demand; and the combination of bankruptcies and bread lines—which is to say, a steadily mounting set of wants—stood over against an ability to satisfy the situation the like of which the world had never seen.

Had this been new in the history of things, there would probably have been a more disciplined attack on the problem. Unfortunately, it looked entirely too much like phases we had had before. The rise and fall

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of the so-called business cycle, the epidemic of failures and the breakdown of credit every seven to ten years were familiar to all students of business history. Unfortunately even the public had caught on, with the result that great numbers of speculators had been trying to "ride" the business cycle on the way up, with (unhappily) not the slightest notion of how to get off when the ferris wheel began to go down. "Cycle" is not a good description for this phenomenon anyway, because cycle intimates at least some kind of regular motion, whereas, in fact, the motion is more like a long climb up a hill, culminating in a violent fall over a steep precipice at the top. Always, however, the precipice had proved rather less steep than the hill was high; and the material at the bottom of it provided for a bounce; whereupon a new ascent of a higher hill was started, and things went on, generally speaking, to the satisfaction of every one. Even in these periodic bumps, relatively only a few people were affected.

What happened between, say 1907 or 1921, the two previous bumps, and 1932?

It is not easy to tell, at this moment, because the true causes of a big dislocation appear only in historical retrospect. As nearly as can be seen now, the American world moved across a kind of mythical line—the line between the economy which never produces quite enough, so that there is always a scarcity, and the economy which always produces a little too much, and therefore tends to a glut. The foreign trade we had so confidently counted on to take up the glut and maintain the balance, failed to work, principally because of the blissful ignorance of the American banking system as to the workings of exchange. A number of factors which need not here be explored added to the violence of the shift; but this so-called "surplus economy" appears to be the major factor.

Now "surplus economy" is a thing that is easy to say, and intellectually easy to grasp at; but very difficult to understand in the deep and pure sense of things. Theoretically, of course, you never can have a surplus economy, because the wants of men are unlimited. Give a man a bath tub, a radio, an automobile and a nice home, and he will promptly want two bath tubs, two cars, several other amusement devices, and a small mansion.

Of course, this theory ignores the limitations of the human animal. It takes considerable time for a man who was educated in a cottage to be happy in a mansion; and as you add to the number of things which men have, you also add to the nuisance and waste of taking care of them. More than one millionaire, when he added a Bar Harbor estate and a yacht to his playthings, suddenly discovered that the added time and trouble of administering the new summer place and the boat more than took the pleasure out of the experience. You may recall that at the very time when millionaires were being made overnight, the great estates and the luxurious houses which had formerly been seen in New York were going begging; the youngsters, coming along, would not be bothered with all that, and wished to live on a much more simple scale. This was not so true of the people who were unaccustomed to wealth and were having their first fling. But the "For Sale" signs in the fancy districts, the number of great mansions that suddenly turned themselves into golf clubs or convalescent homes, are perhaps sufficiently indicative of what happened. We had begun to hit the æsthetic limit for the time being. Although there was plenty of work to be done in any number of directions, it was progress which required a modicum of education, as well as a modicum of expenditure; and as the only mass education we have is the bill-board and the paid sales-publicity stuff, which is adapted rather to taking something away from the customer than to leading him in the path of the good life—coupled with the fact that there was serious doubt whether the luxurious life was the good life—we were not making much progress.

At all events, the surplus economy simply produced a business standstill.

II

Below and behind this, our business system was falling into serious difficulties. Organized for a large, under-developed country, it had proceeded on the theory that every business man held a "letter of marque." A letter of marque, you recollect, was a document given in old days to a private merchant which authorized his vessel to cruise the seas and to make capture and prize of the merchantmen of any country with whom we happened to be at war. The lure was the lure of profit. The utility was the utility of smashing up the other fellow's commerce and bringing his goods into our markets. It was crude, but effective. It was so with business. It was thought that the lure of profit would lead a man to establish a business, to produce goods, to take money away from his customers by supplying them with something they thought they wanted; that, having made a little money, he could enlarge his plant, either by putting in his own money, or by inducing the public to subscribe for stock and share in the profit. In this way, public investment and public savings would invest themselves in the economic empire, and so we would grow. And, in fact, grow we did. It was not an economic process—as Peer Gynt said of the destruction of his yacht by lightning after he had prayed to the Lord for divine assistance to stop the pirates who had run off with it—but it certainly was efficient for the thing that it was intended to do. What we failed to realize, I think, was that ultimately the

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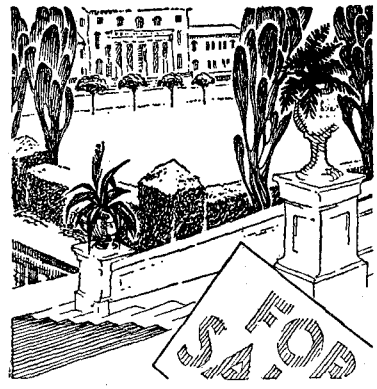

lane would be filled up; that at that time all of these various letter-of-marque men would run into each other; that the process would become, not that of supplying new wants, but of taking customers away from somebody else—a kind of business hijacking, if you choose; and that the result would be to create an impossibility.

What is still more to the point, it was not realized that certain so-called businesses can never be run in that way, because they are, by hypothesis, the "controls" of the whole system. Commercial banking is of course the senior "control." The process was supposed to be kept in order because when there was too much of any particular enterprise going forward, banks would see that it was likely to be unprofitable; the loans made to that particular business stood a good chance of going stale, and accordingly the credit would be restricted. This, however, assumes that banks in general act together—which they sometimes do, but only too frequently do not.

A secondary "control," which happened to prove crucial in our affairs, though it was merely the spectacular immediate cause of the smash-up, rather than the fundamental cause, is what we misleadingly call here "investment banking." The investment bankers, of course, gather in the savings of the community and through the medium of bond issues and stock issues put them to work in building the factories, railroads, and general plants of the country. This kind of control again has to be operated on something of a common basis of principle. We even achieved it, in the days of the elder Morgan, when there was virtually a monopoly of the investment banking field, split, it is true, between two great banking houses, J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn Loeb & Co., which, though they fought, nevertheless followed somewhat similar principles.

Unfortunately, the theory of "letter of marque" still worked and what we got was not united and responsible action, but monopoly amounting to a rake-off on the whole system. What is worse, the investment banking control and the commercial banking control were intimately allied. There is a financial reason for this: the investment banker has not the money to buy the bonds which he floats. What he does is to agree to buy, say, one hundred million dollars of Burlington bonds; then he borrows the hundred million dollars from friendly commercial banks; then he resells the bonds at a profit to himself, and pays the banks out of the proceeds. It is, therefore, of first importance to an investment banking group that it should have a set of allies in the commercial banks. The Pujo investigation of the "money trust" in 1912 disclosed the fact that the then dominant investment banks virtually controlled the commercial banks. In the years during the war, with that background, we succeeded in partially reversing the situation, and every commercial bank went into the investment banking business itself, through the medium of its so-called "affiliates." In net result, we did over again what had been undone by the Pujo investigation; and fragments of the two controls, instead of being distinct, were more firmly tied together than ever. There was even less co-operative or unified action than before. We had exchanged an irresponsible monopoly for an equally irresponsible chaos.

To go back to the privateersman. A few craft with letters of marque in a crowded merchant lane can make tremendous progress. A great many are more likely to fight among themselves; and while the lure of profit still remains, great numbers of privateersmen will be drawn in. But both they and their prey ultimately vanish from the seas. We were, if you like, approximating a position in which the splendid energy which had been devoted to developing the country was now being devoted to trying for advantage at the expense of the rest of the business community, to say nothing of the public.

III

While all this was happening, certain very deep and fundamental changes were taking place in our thinking. It is stating the case too spectacularly to say that private property was slowly losing its grip, but that phrase perhaps best expresses the idea.

For one thing, what we call business property was pretty rapidly becoming intangible. Just as the physicists can take a perfectly solid table and analyze it to a mathematical abstraction called the interrupted ion (I do not claim to understand this, but such is the physicists' talk), so the economist will take any business of size and analyze it to elements of value made up principally of organization, good-will and the like. He will point out to you, for example, that the New York Central Railroad is a great piece of steel and equipment; and he will then ask you whether, if it were offered to you as a gift, stripped of its operating force, its working capital, its franchises and so forth, you would care to accept it. If you were wise, you would not. Coupled with a great organization, a

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panoply of business arrangements at both ends and in the middle, and a good railroad manager, the railroad is serviceable to the community, and therefore becomes a thing of value. There is no such thing as selling it; it can't be done. Accordingly, while we still talked in terms of dollars and cents value, we thought of this in terms of capitalized earning power; and as the earning power depended on the work, labor, and thought of a lot of people, plus some extraneous elements such as having a strategic location, and sharing in the rise in land values along the route, it was never quite clear where the kind of property that you could hit with a hammer ended and the kind of property that you could see only with an imaginative vision began. Despite which we were issuing securities against this imaginative variety of property in huge volume.

Issuing securities. This was something radically different in our thinking. Property that you can see means one thing in your life; the property which is only a piece of paper in your safe deposit vault means quite something else. I think always of a man of my acquaintance whose ancestors for five generations cultivated a farm in the New England hills. He left the farm and took a job with the General Electric Company and saved up some three or four hundred dollars (about the price of the paternal acres) which he invested in General Electric stock. Now the farm to his father meant all kinds of things—a home; a refuge for his old age; a thing which he could come to love; and, most of all, a thing which was never outside of his own control. It was his, in the sense that what happened to it was measured directly by his own ability. His son, with a job in the General Electric, could work; but his savings invested in stock meant nothing to him unless he got excited, sold them, and bought a car with the proceeds. You may classify the two forms of property, calling the farm "active" and the stock certificate "passive," and thereby ticket the two as different. It takes a little further thinking to realize what this difference is.

When a man is thrown off his farm for some reason, it is a fighting, tearing, weeping matter. All of the human bonds are working overtime. This is why more than one mortgagee in the last year or so who has tried to foreclose his mortgage on a farm has discovered that the transaction was not purely financial. But when a man loses his money in General Electric, although everybody is sorry for him, and the personal consequences to him may be disastrous, the human bonds do not work; and the general view is that while it is rough on him, he has had to work for a living before, and will simply have to go on working now. Another way of putting it is that you have not taken from him his tools of work, nor have you taken from him anything that had a sentimental or human value.

Between these two types of property there is a great gulf fixed. The former is extremely strong, binding its owner to it by a thousand emotional ties; and consequently every community instinct tends to protect and preserve that kind of property against all enemies, domestic and foreign. But the other kind does not excite any similar instinct; there is sympathy for the chap who made a poor investment, mingled with derision that he was unable to pick a better one. We had, some time between 1900 and 1932, translated an enormous amount of the property of individuals into this weaker kind of investment. There was active property underlying the passive—that is, the New York Central Railroad and the General Motors Company were actually there; but it was a mythical corporation (again the abstraction like the interrupted ion) which owned it; but nobody owned the General Motors Company sufficiently to have any great emotional ties to its brick and mortar; and the supposed or legal owners, who had stocks or bonds, had this weak thing called a "security" which has proved merely flotsam on the economic tide.

This leads us to the dilemma in which we found ourselves a year ago. While passive property in the form of stocks and bonds was being distributed to all and sundry (the distribution is still going on), the active property was being collectivized in the great corporations. Though there were millions of small corporations, a few hundred large corporations were slowly absorbing into their intangible web the great bulk of the active industrial property. Farms stayed out of this; and there was a healthy amount of small business which likewise resisted. But the great services of supply were steadily drawn in.

With this went a progressive weakening of certain essential checks and balances which keep the owner of active property, like a farm, within bounds. A farmer does not take risks with his farm comparable to the corporation promoter, who is prepared to pyramid indefinitely on his corporate holdings. An investment banker cannot take a piece of active property in which the owner is the major factor, and translate it into a large stock issue. All kinds of boundaries and checks are thrown around it. Many of these checks are simply not present when dealing with the concentrated, consolidated, industrial property drawn into the corporate web. It is not too much to say that we have been sliding gently but firmly down the corporate conduit into collectivism.

IV

Economic evolution has, however, a curious habit of manufacturing the tools for its regeneration out of the institutions which it is outgrowing. The tremendous corporate concentration was silently and unconsciously forging two great weapons which could be used in an attack on the situation. One of them was the creation

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of trained organisms able to handle large affairs.

There is even some ground for believing that the "largeness" had gone entirely too far. Justice Brandeis, who informs his economics with a certain quality of mysticism without which economics is worth very little, has talked about the "curse of bigness" and has insisted that these great collectivized machines were getting out of hand for the good and simple reason that no active head could comprehend all of their implications. It may well be that the largest organisms simply will not work; but even when they break up (as Mr. Insull's empire did), the fragments are still so large that they must be represented by the mythical corporation, and by the passive stock and bond. You may not have an Insull Utilities; but you do have a People's Gas and Electric Company and a Commonwealth Edison Company; and either of these is a little principality as complex as you or I would care to try to understand. Nevertheless, the art of handling a big service of supply on a big scale, and of getting an organization in shape to run it, was an art that we had, somehow, learned.

Further—and this is where the red flags go up—collectivization of that kind, where the owners do not control, and the controllers do not own, is a plain and standing invitation for some one other than the traditional "business" management to step in. The state, for instance, if you happen to believe in government ownership; Herr Hitler, or Signor Mussolini, for instance, if you happen to be a Fascist and believe in quasi-dictatorships; a committee of commissars, for instance, if you happen to be a Communist; the New York banker-promoter, if you happen to believe in the late lamented "new economics." It is interesting to recall that at the time of the Russian Revolution, when there were some sixty separate governments functioning in Russia, one pretty solid one was none other than the Russian railway system, which duly and promptly constituted itself a separate Russian railway government, with its own prime minister and cabinet. The engineers and station masters, the conductors and the brakemen were officers of the government. The line between economic government and political government becomes increasingly thin when you get into these high organization brackets. When you talk loosely of bureaucracy, it must always be remembered that there is no clear distinction between the office organization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the office organization of, say, a super-Department of Commerce. They are run in about the same way; they look much alike; and a really efficient government department will compare not unfavorably with an efficient American corporation. We had, in a word, developed the technique of a collectivized approach; and it is by no means to be wondered at that Mr. Hoover, in his gallant but vain attempt to stem the tide, thought in terms of gigantic financial corporations, or that the merger of all agricultural activities merely brought into existence the Farm Bureau.

Still less is it to be wondered at that the American lines for attacking the depression are slowly but steadily converging towards that collectivized advance as being the only visible way of victory. A government faced with our present situation must find a solution if it is to survive. If the simplest and most viable method is that of tying the great services of supply into huge government corporations, that method will be followed sooner or later, quite irrespective of any one's views as to the philosophic desirability of such a solution. At present there is little if any opposing philosophy in the field. Business men, so far from asserting their ancient right to run their own show, are apparently asking the government to take increasing responsibilities in their own field. The cry "less government in business" is today the slogan of a forgotten year. For you cannot raise that cry without at least a quaver, when you are at the same time asking the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a loan, or requesting that the government purchase a large block of preferred stock in your bank in order to re-open it, or when the President of the United States virtually has to re-sell the entire banking service of the country back to its customers after a week of bank holiday.

And, if you look over the world, you will see that this experience, which we fondly believed to be unique, is happening in the entire western or industrialized areas, with the exception of France, and the possible exception of England. In Italy, the state has already assumed responsibility for the industrial organization of things; in Germany the Nazi government is carrying out a series of steps called "co-ordination" which means collectivism, if ever anything did; in Russia (where it is less logical perhaps than anywhere else on the face of the earth) the experiment is already ten years old. Elsewhere the process tacks on to some intellectual current which was prevalent before the crisis broke; hence the names Communism, Fascism, National Socialism, and so forth. We have a different fortune. Intellectual currents were not popular in the

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United States, and were almost rigidly vetoed by the business district, so that there was no current of ideas to tack on to. Instead, we followed our instincts; and the result in the United States, when the tale is finally told, will not be called with any "ism," but will probably be called simply "business."

V

This plain current which we can see, after all is nothing mysterious. When men's minds run in a single direction, the result is apt to be approximately the same, whether it is tied up in a doctrinaire "ism," or in the supposed business reality of a great corporate system, or in a solution which, with due temerity, I here propose —that of "responsible business."

It is not necessary either that there should be a collectivized state, or government intervention, to reach the goal which all of these various methods really seek —a unified, controlled, sensible operation of the system. You can get it by simply having group after group of men who operate the system realize that their first job is to make the system work; and that if this involves their working together instead of working at cross-purposes, then work together they must. A single historical illustration will perhaps suffice.

There is a big private corporation which is known the world over. It is called the Bank of England. If you have enough money and there is some stock for sale, you can buy stock in it, though the stock rarely changes hands. That was a private bank, chartered just before the South Sea bubble burst, and it has been going a good many years. It gradually acquired a dominant position in British banking; and the men who ran it realized perfectly that with the dominant position there came a responsibility tantamount to the responsibility of a government. For all interests and purposes, the Bank of England is a part of the British government, though it is said that in electing members to its Court of Directors, that Court would rather resent a suggestion from the British Treasury. Despite that fact, no member of its board, and certainly no Governor of the Bank of England, thinks of himself as anything other than a public servant.

In less degree this is true of the supposedly "private banks"—the big five which between them control all of the British credit system. Men go into banking there as they go into medicine here; the plan is not to make a fortune, but to live a life and have a career; the reward (outside of a fairly good salary) is more likely to be a peerage than a large estate. Indeed, if a man not formerly wealthy emerges from a term as senior officer of a British bank with great riches, the attitude taken toward him is much the same as the attitude taken toward the mayor of a city who goes in poor and comes out rich. The question is asked, due regard being had for the difference in the British vernacular, "Where did he get it?" If he speculates on the exchange, his directors are apt to frown on it. (Do you remember that long ago it used to be ground for firing an employee if it was found he had a margin account with a New York broker?) Between them, and in theory they compete, the British banks try to maintain a steady, even control of British currency and British credit; they act together for common ends; they act with the government when necessary; the whole thing is a disciplined, thoroughly responsible performance.

It took generations to build a responsible British banking community; but it was done there, and it can be done here. In the century after the South Sea bubble, somehow the British achieved a collectivism without communism, a common action based on a common responsibility for the result. In fact, the restrictions which the law places on British banks would seem to us absurdly lax; but there is a common law of responsibility which is infinitely more effective than the most vigorous attempt at state regulation.

In investment banking, the same result prevails, though it has proceeded to a far less degree. Englishmen frequently attack investment bankers, somewhat as we attack our own; but a glance at the record of the London Stock Exchange, in contrast to that of New York, indicates that however they may have erred, the errors were infinitely less in proportion, importance, and amount than they were here.

British industry has never reached that responsible area; it is feeling for it now; and its solution is likely to be along the lines of compelling a commercial development analogous to the development of British banking in the troubled century before the French Revolution. There is collectivism, if you like, but it is collectivism in ideas and action, not a rigid superimposed collectivism from the outside. The vice is that it compels, and the worker or extreme individualist can break up the system. But communities have a way of dealing with the opposition when they know what they want. The virtue of it is that it allows a complete intellectual freedom; men can discuss and differ, but they can combine to achieve a result; and they think of the result in terms of the national life as a whole, and not in terms of profit.

VI

Let us follow this trail of responsibility a little farther. What exactly does it mean?

In the "control" activities such as commercial banking and investment banking, it means thinking not merely whether a bond issue or loan can be repaid, but whether the enterprise ought to be started at all. You

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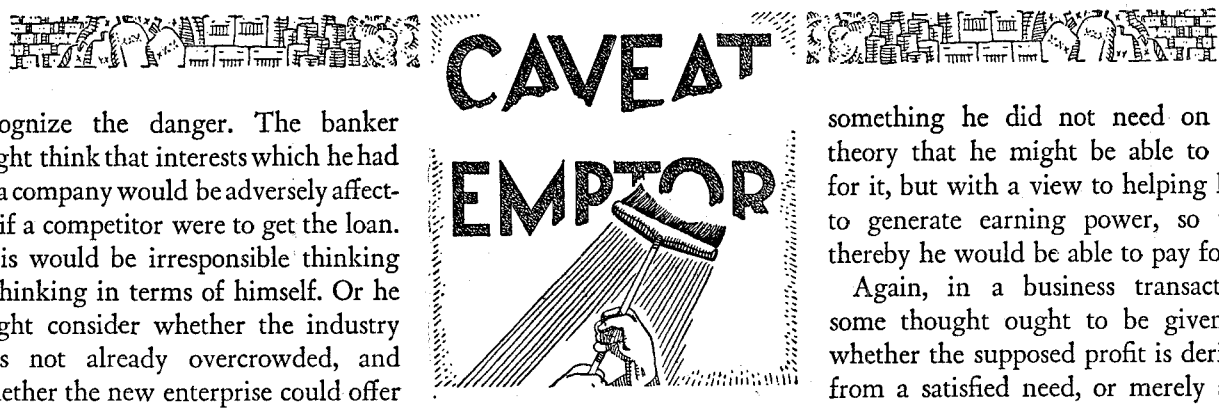

recognize the danger. The banker might think that interests which he had in a company would be adversely affected if a competitor were to get the loan. This would be irresponsible thinking —thinking in terms of himself. Or he might consider whether the industry was not already overcrowded, and whether the new enterprise could offer anything additional which was really necessary. This would be responsible thinking. Knowing that his was not the only bank in the world, he could arrange to discuss the situation with his fellow bankers, knowing that they would consider the matter from a substantially similar angle. Knowing also that he could not decide responsibly if he were interested in one of the industries which might be affected, he would be swift to divest himself of the dangerous interest; and in fact a really responsible banker would presumably have no investments which in any way might collide with his banking work; just as the Secretary of the Treasury is obliged to divest himself of his personal holdings other than government bonds or the like when he takes office.

In commerce the idea of responsibility is less developed; and our real throes today consist in giving birth to just that idea. It is possible to lay out the method a little, with full knowledge that since industry never has been responsible, any method is likely to be modified as time progresses.

For one thing, commerce has now to think in terms not of a customer who can be parted from his money, but of a need which has to be satisfied. This means, among other things, that there is no justification in saying that the would-be customer is penniless and cannot buy. The need is there and the job of commerce is to supply that need somehow. Therefore, commerce must study that would-be customer, trying to find some way by which he can be put in a position where he can satisfy his want. We understand this in banking; one of the objects of every true banker is so to arrange the terms and conditions of his loan that the borrower will not only be able to repay it, but will find it a profitable operation—that is, that the loan will itself conduce to his ability to repay. Conceivably, a group of large industries might swap jobs in exchange for customers; each of them employing a group of men who, thereby becoming wage-earners, are able to consume products of other members of the group—a transaction which has never yet been considered seriously so far as I know, even in the travail of this depression. As another example, consumer credit—the installment-buying idea—might be developed not with a view to selling a man something he did not need on the theory that he might be able to pay for it, but with a view to helping him to generate earning power, so that thereby he would be able to pay for it.

Again, in a business transaction, some thought ought to be given to whether the supposed profit is derived from a satisfied need, or merely as a result of having put some one else at a disadvantage. The aggregate of transactions resulting in disadvantage ultimately means ruin to the community; the aggregated transactions which supply a real need in a legitimate way mean a prosperous community.

Being a lawyer myself, I cannot leave the question without saying that among other things a truly responsible Bar is needed. For the legal profession is linked to the control activities and notably investment banking, where there has been perhaps more irresponsibility than anywhere else. The federal government is now discussing a securities, or Blue Sky, act. This is all to the good, and only too obviously necessary. But the real hope lies less in a statutory rule than in a rising standard both among bankers and at the Bar. Almost any statute designed to protect the public can be evaded by a thoroughly competent lawyer, if the lawyer regards his job as that of working out the necessary moves on the checker-board by which he can achieve the single standard of legality, irrespective of whether the result is a decent one. The Bar has been inclined to take the view that if an issue can be so floated as to be legally valid, and as to minimize or avoid any chance that the issuing house or company would be held liable for fraud, its duty is done. The honorable exceptions who would also consider whether the issue ought to be allowed to exist by normal commercial or economic standards, were in the past unhappily few.

Is this suggestion of a responsible business community merely a dream? From the point of view of a student of the chaos of the past ten years, with its seamy side so often showing, I sometimes wonder. And yet, as you go through the business community you become aware of a tremendous strain of responsibility running through it all. As between ourselves, business men are apt (especially in the older and more important industries) to preserve the highest standards of responsibility. The very man who might stage a dubious advertising campaign would be the last to mislead a competitor (at least in important matters), partly because obviously the circumstances would ultimately be found out, and partly because he is jealous of his good name. Unfortunately this code was confined to in-

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dividual action. Business men did not consider it within their province to take steps to restrain the less scrupulous. And throughout all this, no one felt any responsibility for the public.

Yet surely it requires no great imagination for a man who is already thoroughly responsible toward men in his own line of business, to extend that area to the public which relies upon the particular service or supply which he renders. The activities of many trade associations, designed primarily of course to make business more profitable, are likewise designed to collectivize the thinking of their members; may one not at least hope that they will enlarge the scope of this thinking to include the people who work in their factories, and those who buy their products? Many lawyers have had the experience of seeing a client with his back to the wall call in his most vigorous competitors and ask that they save his life; in my own experience, I have never seen such a plea go unheeded. It was not friendship, but responsibility, which saved the situation; a broad feeling that an additional bankruptcy, plus a disorderly market in that particular trade, would be bad business for every one.

Creation of a sense of responsibility, then, is, as I see it, the true solution, though it is the long one. Further, it is the thing we have to do, no matter what road we ultimately take. Were government tomorrow to assume control of the industrial system, we should still have to create a generation of responsible government servants —no small job either, and one taking almost as much time as that of making the business community responsible to the community at large. If responsible business is a dream, at least it is no more intangible than the dreams we have been creating in the name of rugged individualism, of forced and strenuous competition, of high finance. To ask that men organize within their own industries for the common good is, after all, not materially different from asking them to organize in the interests of a great corporate empire which is certain to sink a good many of them in its rise. To ask a man to abandon a quick, easy, but unhealthy profit in business is not materially different from asking a government servant to decline to use his office for personal profit, a standard we have achieved with varying degrees of success, but on the whole fairly well, in our state and national governments. The fact that such responsibility depends on an infinite number of understandings and common actions is after all no different from the fact that a fascist, a communist, a socialist or government ownership solution depends in turn on the common will of a tremendous number of individuals who cannot report for instructions to a dictator at all hours of the day.

We have adhered to the idea of individualism because, intrinsically, there are values in it which we desire to preserve. These are values not of property or profits, but of a way of life: the integrity and pride of men, their æsthetics, their emotions, their fulfilments. We have, after all, no desire to sink all these into some formless organization whose end we cannot foresee. We may have to sink them before we get through, for the machine has to run, no matter whose feelings are hurt. But there is a middle course, this development of responsibility, this collectivism which involves no abandonment of our ancient heritage.

ALL-NIGHT WAGON-LUNCH

By Elias Lieberman

On swivel chairs a cosmos twirls around,
A fearful thing of shadow shapes and night;
Here twisted faces look as if the ground
Had momently disgorged them back to light.
Each coffee cup invites with heaven's brew
Inferno's men who come to claim the boon;
One slinks in late from some dark rendezvous,
Another, furtive-eyed, arrives too soon.

A wastrel moon turns pale against the sky;
The knives of dawn begin to scar the East;
Red whips attack the nerves of those who try
To gather respite from a hurried feast;
Coat collars up, they dread a day begun;
There's nothing out of doors except the sun.

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Death the Proud Brother

By Thomas Wolfe

A long story by the author of "Look Homeward, Angel," the second of three to appear in consecutive numbers of SCRIBNER'S. *A swift narrative of the city as the city has never been written of before.*

THREE times already I had looked upon the visage of death in the city, and now that spring I was to see it once again. One night—on one of those kaleidoscopic nights of madness, drunkenness, and fury that I knew that year, when I prowled the great street of the dark from light to light, from midnight until morning, and when the whole world reeled about me its gigantic and demented dance—I saw a man die in the city subway.

He died so quietly that most of us would not admit at first that he was dead, so quietly that his death was only an instant and tranquil cession of life's movement, so peaceable and natural in its action, that we all stared at it with eyes of fascination and unbelief, recognizing the face of death at once with a terrible sense of recognition which told us we had always known him, and yet, frightened and bewildered as we were, unwilling to admit that he had come.

For although each of the three city deaths that I had seen before I saw this one had come terribly and by violence, there would remain finally in my memory of this one a quality of terror, majesty, and grandeur which the others did not have.

The first of these deaths had occurred four years before in the month of April of my first year in the city. It had happened upon the corner of one of the dingy, swarming streets of the upper East Side, and in the way it had happened there had been a merciless, accidental, and indifferent quality which was far more terrible than any calculated or deliberate cruelty could have been, which spoke terribly and at once through the shining air, the joy and magic of the season, obliterating all the hope and exultancy in the hearts of men who saw it.

I was coming along one of the dingy cross-streets in the upper east-side district—a street still filled with the harsh and angular fronts of old brown-stone houses, which once no doubt had been the homes of prosperous people but were now black with the rust and grime of many years. These streets were swarming with their violent and disorderly life of dark-faced, dark-eyed, strange-tongued people, who surged back and forth, uncountably, innumerably, namelessly, with a tidal, liquid, and swarming fluency that all dark bloods and races have, so that the lean precision, the isolation, and the severe design that the lives of northern peoples have—like something lonely, small, pitifully yet grandly itself beneath an infinite and cruel sky—are fractured instantly by this tidal darkness. The numberless and ageless manswarm of the earth is instantly revealed in all its fathomless horror, and will haunt one later in dreams of madness, terror, and drowning, even if one sees only a half-dozen of these dark faces in a street. For this reason, Thomas de Quincey remarked that if he were forced to live in China for the remainder of his days, he would go mad.

Upon the corner of this swarming street, where it joined one of the great grimy streets that go up and down the city, and that are darkened forever by the savage violence and noise of the elevated structure, so that not only the light which swarms through the rusty iron webbing, but all the life and movement underneath it seems harsh, broken, driven, beaten, groping, violent, bewildered, and confused—on such a corner the man was killed. He was a little middle-aged Italian who had a kind of flimsy cart or wagon which was stationed at the curb, and in which he had a shabby and miscellaneous stock of cigarettes, cheap candies, bottled drinks, a big greasy looking bottle of orange juice turned neck downward into a battered cylinder of white enamelled tin, and a small oil stove on which several pots of food—sausages and spaghetti—were always cooking.

The accident occurred just as I reached the corner opposite the man's stand. The traffic was roaring north and south beneath the elevated structure. At this moment an enormous covered van—of the kind so large,

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powerful, and cumbersome that it seems to be as big as a locomotive and to engulf the smaller machines around it, to fill up the street so completely that one wonders at the skill and precision of the driver who can manipulate it—came roaring through beneath the elevated structure. It curved over and around, in an attempt to get ahead of a much smaller truck in front of it, and as it did so, swiped the little truck a glancing blow that wrecked it instantly, and sent it crashing across the curb into the vendor's wagon with such terrific force that the cart was smashed to splinters, and the truck turned over it completely and lay beyond it in a stove-in wreckage of shattered glass and twisted steel.

The driver of the truck, by the miracle of chance, was uninjured, but the little Italian vendor was mangled beyond recognition. As the truck smashed over him the bright blood burst out of his head in an instant and exploding fountain so that it was incredible so small a man could have such fountains of bright blood in him; and he died there on the sidewalk within a few minutes, and before the ambulance could reach him. A great crowd of swarming, shouting, excited, dark-faced people gathered around the dying man at once, police appeared instantly in astonishing numbers, and began to thrust and drive in brutally among the excited people, cursing and mauling them, menacing them with their clubs, and shouting savagely:

"Break it up, deh! Break it up! On your way, now!" . . . "Where yuh goin'?" one snarled suddenly, grabbing a man by the slack of his coat, lifting him and hurling him back into the crowd as if he were a piece of excrement. "Break it up, deh! Break it up! G'wan, youse guys—yuh gotta move!"

Meanwhile the police had carried the dying man across the curb, laid him down on the sidewalk, and made a circle around him from the thrusting mob. Then the ambulance arrived with its furious and dreadful clangor of bells, but by this time the man was dead. The body was taken away, the police drove and lashed the crowds before them, whipping and mauling them along, as if they were surly and stupid animals, until at length the whole space around the wreck was clear of people.

Then two policemen, clearing the street again for its unceasing traffic, half pushed, half carried the twisted wreckage of the vendor's cart to the curb, and began to pick up his strewn stock, boxes, broken cups and saucers, fragments of broken glass, cheap knives and forks, and finally his tin spaghetti pots, and to throw them into the heap of wreckage. The spaghetti, pieces of brain, and fragments of the skull were mixed together on the pavement in a horrible bloody welter. One of the policemen looked at it for a moment, pushed the thick toe of his boot tentatively into it, and then turned away with a grimace of his brutal red face, as he said, "Jesus!"

At this moment, a little gray-faced Jew, with a big nose, screwy and greasy-looking hair that roached backward from his painful and reptilian brow, rushed from the door of a dismal little tailor's shop across the sidewalk, breathing stertorously with excitement, and carrying a bucket full of water in his hand. The Jew ran swiftly out into the street, with a funny bandy-legged movement, dashed the water down upon the bloody welter and then ran back into the shop as fast as he had come. Then a man came out of another shop with a bucket full of sawdust in his hand which he began to strew upon the bloody street until the stain was covered over. Finally, nothing was left except the wreckage of the truck and the vendor's cart, two policemen who conferred quietly together with notebooks in their hands, some people staring with dull fascinated eyes upon the blood-stain on the pavement, and little groups of people on the corners talking to one another in low, excited tones, saying:

"Sure! I seen it! I seen it! Dat's what I'm tellin' yuh! I was talkin' to 'm myself not two minutes before it happened! I saw duh whole t'ing happen! I was standin' not ten feet away from 'im when it hit him!"—as they revived the bloody moment, going over it again and again with an insatiate and feeding hunger.

Such was the first death that I saw in the city. Later, the thing I would remember most vividly, after the horror of the blood and brains, and the hideous mutilation of man's living flesh was almost forgotten, was the memory of the bloody and battered tins and pots in which the vendor had cooked his spaghetti, as they lay strewn on the pavement, and as the policeman picked them up to fling them back into the pile of wreckage. For later it seemed these dingy and lifeless objects were able to evoke, with a huge pathos, the whole story of the man's life, his kindly warmth and smiling friendliness—for I had seen him many times—and his pitiful small enterprise, to eke out shabbily, but with constant hope and as best he could, beneath an alien sky, in the heart of the huge indifferent city, some little reward for all his bitter toil and patient steadfastness—some modest but shining goal of security, freedom, escape, and repose, for which all men on this earth have worked and suffered.

And the huge indifference with which the immense

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and terrible city had in an instant blotted out this little life, soaking the shining air and all the glory of the day with blood, the huge and casual irony of its stroke —for the great van which had wrecked the truck and killed the man, had thundered ahead and vanished, perhaps without its driver even knowing what had happened—was evoked unforgettably, with all its pity, pathos, and immense indifference, by the memory of a few battered pots and pans. This, then, was the first time I saw death in the city.

The second time I saw death in the city, it had come by night, in winter, in a different way.

About mid-night of a night of still bitter cold in February, when the moon stood cold and blazing in the white-blue radiance of the frozen skies, a group of people were huddled together upon the sidewalk of one of those confusing and angular streets which join Seventh Avenue near Sheridan Square. The people were standing before a new building which was being put up there, whose front stood raw and empty in the harsh brown-livid light. A few feet away, upon the curb, the watchman of the building had made a fire in a rusty ash-can, and this fire now whipped and blazed in the frozen air with a crackling flame to which some of the people in the group would go from time to time to warm their hands.

Upon the icy pavement before the building, a man was stretched out on his back and a hospital interne, with the tubes of a stethoscope fastened to his ears, was kneeling beside him moving the instrument from place to place on the man's powerful chest, which was exposed. An ambulance, its motor throbbing with a quiet and reduced power that was somehow ominous, was drawn up at the curb.

The man on the pavement was about forty years old and had the heavy shambling figure, the brutal and powerful visage, of the professional bum. On the scarred and battered surface of that face it seemed that every savage violence of weather, poverty, and physical degradation had left its mark of iron, during the years the vagabond had wandered back and forth across the nation, until now the man's features had a kind of epic brutality in which a legend of immense and lonely skies and terrible distances, of pounding wheel and shining rail, of rust and steel and bloody brawl, and of the wild, savage, cruel and lonely earth was plainly written.

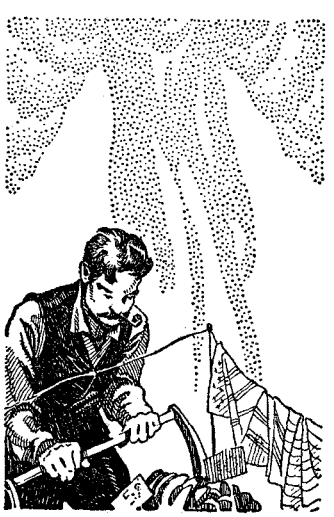
The man lay on his back, as still and solid as a rock, eyes closed, his powerful, brutal features upthrust in the rigid and stolid attitude of death. He was still living, but one side of his head, at the temple, had been bashed in—a terrible and gaping wound which he had got when he wandered, drunk and almost blind with the cheap alcohol or "smoke" which he had been drinking, into the building, and had fallen forward across a pile of iron beams, against one of which he had smashed his head. The great black stain of the wound had run down across one side of his face and on the ground, but it had almost ceased to bleed, and in the freezing air the blood was clotting rapidly.

The man's rag of dirty shirt had been torn open and his powerful breast also seemed to swell forward with the same rigid and stolid immobility. No movement of breath was visible: he lay there as if carved out of rock, but a dull, flushed, unwholesome looking red was still burning on his broad and heavy face, and his hands were clenched beside him. His old hat had fallen off and his bald head was exposed. This bald head, with its thin fringe of hair upon each side, gave a final touch of dignity and power to the man's strong and brutal face, that was somehow terrible. It was like the look of strength and stern decorum that one sees on the faces of those powerful men who do the heavy work in the trapeze act at the circus, and who are usually bald-headed men.

None of the people who had gathered there about the man showed any emotion whatever. Instead, they just stood looking at him quietly with an intent yet indifferent curiosity, as if there were in the death of this vagabond something casual and predictable which seemed so natural to them that they felt neither surprise, pity, nor regret. One man turned to the man next to him, and said quietly, but with assurance, and a faint grin:

"Well, dat's duh way it happens to dem in duh end. Dey all go like dat sooner or later. I've neveh known it to fail."

Meanwhile, the young interne quietly and carefully, yet indifferently, moved his stethoscope from place to place, and listened. A policeman with a dark, heavy face, pitted, seamed, and brutal-looking, stood over him, surveying the scene calmly as he gently swung his club, and ruminating slowly on a wad of gum. Several men, including the night watchman and a news-dealer on the corner, stood quietly, staring. Finally, a young man and a girl, both well dressed, and with something insolent, naked, and ugly in their speech and manner that distinguished them as being a cut above the others in education, wealth, position—as young college people, young city people, young



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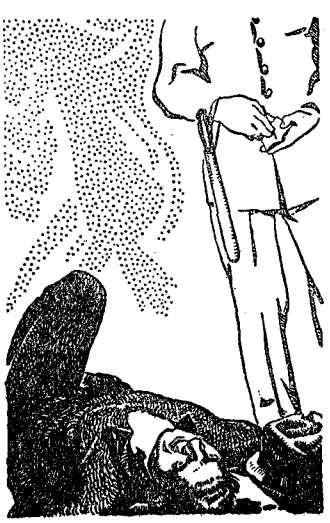
Village, painting, writing, art-theatre people, young modern "post-war generation" people—were looking down at the man, observing him with the curiosity with which, and with less pity than, one would regard a dying animal, and laughing, talking, jesting with each other with a contemptible and nasty callousness that was horrible, and which made me want to smash them in the face.

They had been drinking, but they were not drunk: something hard and ugly was burning nakedly in them —yet, it was not anything forced or deliberate, it was just hard-eyed, schooled in arrogance, dry and false, and fictional, and carried like a style. They had an astonishing literary reality as if they might have stepped out of the pages of a book, as if there really were a new and desolate race of youth upon the earth that men had never known before—a race hard, fruitless, and unwholesome, from which man's ancient bowels of mercy, grief, and wild exultant joy had been eviscerated as out of date and falsely sentimental to bright arid creatures who breathed from sullen preference an air of bitterness and hate, and hugged desolation to the bone with a hard fatality of arrogance and pride.

Their conversation had in it something secret, sweet, and precious. It was full of swift allusions, little twists and quirks and subtleties of things about which they themselves were in the know, and interspersed with all the trade-marks of the rough-simple speech that at that time was in such favor with this kind of people: the "swell," the "grand," the "fine," the "simply marvellous."

"Where can we go?" the girl was asking him. "Will Louie's still be open? I thought that he closed up at ten o'clock."

The girl was pretty, and had a good figure, but both face and body had no curve or fullness; body and heart and soul, there was no ripeness in her, she was something meagre of breast, hard, sterile, and prognathous.



"If he's not," the young man said, "we'll go next door to Steve's. He's open all night long." His face was dark and insolent, the eyes liquid, the mouth soft, weak, pampered, arrogant, and corrupt. When he laughed, his voice had a soft welling burble in it, loose, jeering, evilly assured.

He had the look of something prized, held precious by æsthetic women; I had also seen his kind among the art-theatre crowd who sometimes went to Esther's house.

"Oh, swell!" the girl was saying in her naked tone. "I'd love to go there! Let's have another party! Who can we get to go? Do you think Bob and Mary would be in?"

"Bob might be, but I don't think that you'll find Mary," said the young man, adroitly innocent.

"No!" the girl exclaimed incredulously. "You don't mean that she's"—and here their voices became low, eager, sly, filled with laughter, and the young man finally could be heard saying with the burble of soft laughter in his voice:

"Oh, I don't know! It's just another of those things! It happens in the best of families, you know."

"No!" the girl cried with a little scream of incredulous laughter. "You *know* she hasn't! After all she said about him, too! . . . . I think—that's—simply—priceless!" She then said slowly: "Oh—I—think—that's—simply—*swell!*" She cried: "I'd give anything to see Bob's face when he finds out about it!"—and for a moment they laughed and whispered knowingly together, after which the girl cried once more, with her little shout of incredulous laughter:

"Oh, this is too good to be true! Oh—I think that's *marvellous,* you know!"—then added quickly and impatiently:

"Well, who can we get to go, then? Who *else* can we get?"

"I don't know," the young man said, "it's getting late now. I don't know who we can get unless"—and here his soft dark mouth began to smile, and the burble of laughter appeared in his throat as he nodded towards the man upon the ground "—unless you ask our friend here if he'd like to come along."

"Oh, that would be *grand!*" she cried with a gleeful little laugh. Then for a moment she stared down seriously at the silent figure on the pavement. "I'd *love* it!" the girl said. "Wouldn't it be swell if we could get some one like that to go with us!"

"Well—" the young man said, indefinitely. Then, as he looked down at the man, his soft wet flaw of laughter welled up and he said softly and slyly to the girl, "I hate to disappoint you, but I don't think we'll get our friend here to go. He looks as if he's going to have a bad head in the morning," and again his soft dark mouth began to smile, and the burble of soft laughter welled up in his throat.

"Stop!" the girl cried with a little shriek. "Aren't you mean?" She said reproachfully, "I think he's sweet. I think it would be simply marvellous to take some one like that on a party! He looks like a swell person," she continued, looking down at the man curiously. "He really does, you know."

"Well, you know how it is," the young man said

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softly. "He was a great guy when he had it!" The burble welled up richly in his soft throat. "Come on," he said. "We'd better go. I think you're trying to make him!"—and laughing and talking together in their naked and arrogant young voices, they went away.

Presently the interne got up, took the ends of the stethoscope from his ears, and spoke a few quiet and matter-of-fact words to the policeman, who scrawled something down in a small book. The interne walked over to the curb, climbed up into the back of the ambulance and sat down on one seat with his feet stretched out upon the other one, meanwhile saying to the driver: "All right, Mike, let's go!" The ambulance moved off smoothly, slid swiftly around the corner with a slow clangor of bells, and was gone.

Then the policeman folded his book, thrust it into his pocket, and, turning on us suddenly, with a weary expression on his heavy, dark, night-time face, stretched out his arms and began to push us all back gently, meanwhile saying in a patient and weary tone of voice: "All right, you guys! On your way, now. Yuh gotta move. It's all oveh."

And obedient to his weary and tolerant command, we moved on and departed. Meanwhile, the dead man lay, as solid as a rock, upon his back, with that great brutal face of power and fortitude, upthrust and rigid, bared with a terrible stillness, an awful dignity, into the face of the cold and blazing moon.

This was the second time that I saw death in the city.

The third time that I saw death in the city, it had come like this:

One morning in May the year before, I had been on my way up-town, along Fifth Avenue. The day was glorious, bright and sparkling, the immense and delicate light of the vast blue-fragile sky, was firm and almost palpable. It seemed to breathe, to change, to come and go in a swarming web of iridescent and crystalline magic, and to play and flash upon the spires of the great shining towers, the frontal blaze and sweep of the tremendous buildings, and on the great crowd which swarmed and wove unceasingly on the street, with vivid and multifarious points of light and color, as if the light were shining on a lake of sapphires.

Up and down the great street as far as the eye could reach, the crowd was surging in the slow yet sinuous convolutions of an enormous brilliantly colored reptile. It seemed to slide, to move, to pause, to surge, to writhe here and to be motionless there in a gigantic and undulant rhythm that was infinitely complex and bewildering, but yet seemed to move to some central and inexorable design and energy. So did the great surge of the man-swarm look from afar, but when one passed it by at close range it all broke up into a million rich, brilliant, and vivid little pictures and histories of life, all of which now seemed so natural and intimate to me that I thought I knew all the people, to have the warm and palpable substance of their lives in my hands, and to know and own the street as if I had created it.

At one place, a powerful motor with a liveried chauffeur would snake swiftly in towards the curb, a uniformed door-man of some expensive shop would scramble with obsequious haste across the sidewalk and open the door for some rich beauty of the upper crust. The woman would get out swiftly with a brisk sharp movement of her well-shod little feet and slender ankles, speak a few cold incisive words of command to her attentive driver, and then walk swiftly across the sidewalk towards the shop with a driving movement of her shapely but rather tailored-looking hips and a cold impatient look on her lovely but hard little face. To her, this great affair of seduction, attraction, and adornment for which she lived—this constant affair of clothing her lovely legs to the best advantage, setting off her solid shapely little buttocks in the most persuasive fashion, getting varnished, plucked, curled, perfumed, and manicured until she smelled like an exotic flower and glittered like a rare and costly jewel—was really as stern a business as her husband's job of getting money, and not to be trifled with or smiled at for a moment.

Again, some lovely and more tender, simple, and good-natured girl would come by on the pavements, jaunty and rich with some glowing spot of color—a scarf of red or blue, or a gay hat—her hair fine spun and blown by light airs, her clear eyes fathomless and luminous with a cat-like potency and health, her delicate loins undulant with a long full stride, and her firm breasts rhythmical with each step she took, her mouth touched by a vague and tender smile as she came by.

Elsewhere, dark-eyed, dark-faced, gray-faced, driven, meagre, harassed and feverish-looking men and women would be swarming along, but the shining light and magic of the day seemed to have touched them all with its sorcery, so that they, too, all seemed filled with hope, gayety, and good nature, and to drink in as from some source of central and exultant energy the glorious intoxication of the day.

Meanwhile in the street the glittering projectiles of

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machinery were drilling past incredibly in their beetle-bullet flight, the powerful red-faced police stood like towers in the middle of the street stopping, starting, driving them on or halting them with an imperious movement of their mast-like hands.

Finally, even the warm odors of the hot machinery, the smells of oil, gasoline, and worn rubber which rose up from the bluish surface of the furious street, seemed wonderful, mixed as they were with the warm, earthy and delicious fragrance of the trees, grass, and flowers in the Park, which was near by. The whole street burst into life for me immediately as it would on such a day for every young man in the world. Instead of being crushed down and smothering beneath its cruel and arrogant blaze of power, wealth, and number, until I seemed to drown in it, like a helpless, hopeless, penniless, and nameless atom, it now seemed to me to be a glorious pageantry and carnival of palpable life, the great and glamorous Fair of all the earth, in which I was moving with certitude, exultancy, and power as one of the most honored and triumphant figures.

At this moment, with the Park in view, with the sight of the trees, with their young magic green, and all the flash and play of movement, color, and machinery, in the square before the Park, I halted and began to look with a particular interest at the people working on a building which was being erected there across the street. The building was not large, and neither very tall nor wide: it rose up ten flights with its steel girders set against the crystal air with a graceful and almost fragile delicacy, as if already, in this raw skeleton, the future elegance and style of the building were legible.

For I knew that this building was to house the great business which was known as Stein and Rosen and, like the man who once had shaken the hand of John L. Sullivan, I had a feeling of joy, pride, and familiarity when I looked at it. For Esther's sister was vice-president of this mighty shop, second-in-command, its first in talent and in knowledge, and from Esther's merry lips I had often heard the fabulous stories of what took place daily there. She told of the glittering processions of rich women who came there for their finery; of actresses, dancers, millionaires' wives, moving-picture women, and of all the famous courtesans, who would pay as they bought, and would plank down the ransom of a king in thousand-dollar bills for a coat of chinchilla fur; and of the stupendous things these legendary creatures said.

Through the portals of this temple in the daytime would move the richest women and the greatest harlots in the country. And an exiled princess would be there to sell them underwear, an impoverished duchess would be there to sell perfumery, and Mr. Rosen himself would be there to greet them. He would bend before them from the waist, he would give his large firm hand to them, he would smile and smile with his large pearly teeth, as his eyes went back and forth about his place continually. He would wear striped trousers and he would walk up and down upon rich carpets, he would be splendid and full of power like a well-fed bull, and somehow he would be like that magnificent horse in Job who paweth in the valley and saith among the trumpets, "Ha! Ha!"

And all day long they would be calling all over the place for Esther's sister, who seldom spoke and rarely smiled. They could not get along without her, they would be asking for her everywhere, the rich woman would demand her, and the famous courtesan would say she had to speak to her. And when she came to them, they would say: "I wanted to speak to you, because the rest of them know nothing. You are the only one who understands me. You are the only one I can talk to," and yet they could not talk to her, because she never spoke. But they would want to be near her, to confess to her, to pour their words into her silence: her large still eyes would look at them and make them want to speak. Meanwhile the Rosens smiled.

Thus, while the countless man-swarm of the earth thronged all around me I stood there thinking of these things and people. I thought of Mr. Rosen, and of Esther and her sister, and of a thousand strange and secret moments of our lives. I thought how great Cæsar's dust could patch a wall, and how our lives touch every other life that ever lived, how every obscure moment, every obscure life, every lost voice and forgotten step upon these pavements had somewhere trembled in the air about us. "'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so." "No! faith, not a jot!—" the step that passed there in the street rang echoes from the dust of Italy, and still the Rosens smiled.

And it seemed to me that all the crowded and various life of this great earth was like a Fair. Here were the buildings of the Fair, the shops, the booths, the taverns, and the pleasure-places. Here were the places where men bought and sold and traded, ate, drank, hated, loved, and died. Here were the million fashions that they thought eternal, here was the ancient, everlasting Fair, tonight bereft of people, empty and deserted, tomorrow swarming with new crowds and faces in all its million lanes and passages, the people who are born, grow old and weary, and who die here.

They never hear the great dark wing that beats in the air above them, they think their moment lasts forever, they are so intent that they scarcely see themselves falter and grow old. They never lift their eyes up to the deathless stars above the deathless Fair, they never hear the immutable voice of time that lives in the

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Congress—the Nation's Scapegoat

By F. H. LaGuardia

A former member of Congress, representing the 20th District of New York, Mr. LaGuardia, from many years of experience in the rough and tumble of politics, defends Congress and declares that lobbies and "organized minorities" have not the influence upon legislation which they are commonly believed to hold.

It has been my lot for the past twenty years to come to the defense of the persecuted. Invariably that meant being in a minority. It would seem, therefore, in keeping with that record, that it is timely and proper for me to come now to the defense of Congress. Congress may not be half as good as I believe it to be—certainly it is not one-tenth as bad as Wall Street says it is. The drive—and it was a drive—against Congress and the well-planned, systematic, organized attacks upon it were initiated by minority groups who for a long time had been the recipient of favored legislation, the beneficiaries of legalized exploitation, the promoters of inequitable laws. The abuse of and antagonism to Congress were started by the financial interests concentrated on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. They soon became contagious. The whole country for several months has been heaping abuse upon its own chosen Representatives.

Only representative government is suitable to the American people. They are not adapted to any other kind of government. Countries that have never had or have been deprived of representative government have a full appreciation of the benefits and necessity of a Parliament or Congress. There has been great clamor recently on the part of moneyed interests for a dictatorship. Extraordinary powers granted to the President in our country can be only occasional and temporary. A dictatorship simply could not endure. Even though an American dictator were superhumanly perfect and infallibly wise, there would be no stability or continuity of rights. If a dictator is despotic, the masses will revolt; if he is unduly benevolent, the classes will resist. It is not benevolence that the American people seek, but the enforcement of legally established rights. The framers of the Constitution might have failed in detailing the necessary regulation of an involved industrial system, which at the time did not exist and which was then beyond contemplation. They did know human nature—the virtues and vices, the weaknesses and frailties of mankind. They provided as perfect a form of government as imperfect human beings could live under. They visualized an enormous population growth in this country and provided a form of government as nearly democratic as was possible in a country of extensive territory and for a nation of millions of people. Most reformers of economics are constitutional fundamentalists. Representative government is not suited for a small class who would own all the property and money, and control the destinies of a country. Representative government controlled by the people will not indefinitely tolerate exploitation of the workers, concentration of wealth, and mass poverty. Economic security for all willing workers is a necessary concomitant with political freedom and individual liberty guaranteed by our Constitution. The Constitution created Congress. Its powers are well defined. Abuse of Congress is the privilege of every free American citizen. Criticism and abuse of a dictator would not be tolerated. Suppression of opinion is the first restriction the American people would feel.

Naturally, Congress has its faults. It often takes time to enact legislation. Long-drawn-out debates and discussions are the rule. An impartial review of the legislative history of this country will disclose that a great deal of vicious legislation has been defeated by what might at the time have seemed unduly protracted debates. It will also be seen that the greatest mistakes have been made when legislation was jammed through without proper and complete debates and discussion, under the pressure of unexpected emergencies. I fear some of the recently enacted banking legislation may prove that way.

Congress is a representative body. It is but natural that there should be every shade of thought and viewpoint in that body. That is what makes it representative. Every section of the country has its local interests. It is quite in keeping with proper representation to seek to reconcile, as far as is compatible, local interests with national legislation. Nothing short of complete hearings on all sides of a subject before committees, followed by

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full debate in the House and Senate, would enable final adjustment and compromise on legislation for a country of such magnitude and diversified interests as ours.

Lobbying has been going on from the first session of the first Congress. In all likelihood it will continue. There are different kinds of lobbying. Some are quite legitimate. Of the illegitimate lobbying I would say it has very little direct influence on Congress. Many State legislatures have enacted anti-lobbying laws when activities became too brazen and disreputable. At one time we had an epidemic of anti-lobbying bills pending in both Houses of Congress. I doubt if such laws really are effective. They do not hurt the faker and do not deter the rogue. A lobbying law will no more prevent lobbying than prohibition prevented drinking. The vicious lobbyist will always work under cover and he knows how and what contacts to make. Such lobbyists seldom make contacts directly with members of Congress. So-called big lobbyists do not operate in Washington. Their approach is through the political boss back home. It is in this way that a legislator is very often "delivered." He may be entirely innocent, though not alert. If he is up to his job and legislates according to his judgment and conscience, nothing of the sort can be put over on him. A thoroughly honest but politically weak legislator who would indignantly spurn the suggestions of a lobbyist might willingly accept the ostensibly friendly advice of a political boss. Our political system is at fault—not Congress as a Constitutional institution.

Many lobbyists receive big fees. Disclosures by a United States Senatorial investigation committee some time ago revealed huge fees received by men whose names were not known to the vast majority of members of the House and Senate. Their dealings were with the "big shots" of political parties. In the case of the sugar lobby—with the "very big shots."

Then there are the secret or implied obligations assumed by political parties. Just before election when resolution committees of political parties are formulating platforms, their financial committees are seeking contributions. It can safely be said that large contributions are generally given with the expectation of returns in some form or another. The big contributor to political campaigns makes it his business to see to it that his contribution is made through the right contact man. Perhaps nothing is said at the time the contribution is made. Later when legislation is pending that affects that contributor, the former acquaintance is renewed, the subject discussed, obligation recalled, and desired results obtained. This is true of both parties.

The control of national legislation by predatory interests began to slip after the ratification of the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution. The popular election of Senators made it difficult for special interests to control Congress. Since then these same interests which became powerful and rich through special legislation and for many years were able to check social, welfare, and progressive laws, commenced their attacks on Congress and have kept it up ever since. The attacks cease only during those periods when crises demand legislation. As soon as the legislation is obtained the attack is renewed and a howl is heard for Congress to adjourn, go home, and "give business a chance."

Congress was directly blamed by members of the New York Stock Exchange in their circulars, letters, bulletins and in paid advertisements for the decline of stock and security prices. Yet the greatest decline took place during the time that Congress was not in session. In the same breath in which the very men responsible for the bank crashes, securities frauds, and tax evasions were abusing Congress, it was necessary for the President to call a special session of Congress to provide relief for them. When Congress authorized the issuance of currency and provided emergency measures to meet the banking situation, it was all hail to Congress. At the moment of this writing, when Congress is struggling with farm relief, the same bankers, stock-brokers, bond-mongers, and floor-traders are shouting for Congress to adjourn and denouncing all farm-relief measures as demagogic, unsound, and disastrous.

The government is no longer something mysterious, distant, and impersonal. A long period of public education has been slowly taking effect. Economic necessity has hastened the process. The people have learned that the government is in their control. The people have learned that the Representative in the House is there to reflect the views of his neighbors back home and that their Senator is there to reflect the viewpoint of his State. They demand contact with their Representatives and information as to the activities of Congress.

Recently there has been coined the phrase "organized minority." This phrase was coined by qualified experts who themselves actually are an organized minority. Much has been said about the power of minority groups and of the weakness of Congress in submitting to the demands of organized minorities. Veterans' legislation is constantly cited as an example of the power of an organized minority. When veterans' legislation was enacted, it was at the demand, not of a minority group, but of an overwhelming majority of the American people! When this majority abandoned the veterans or left the veterans to themselves and asked Congress to change existing laws in order to reduce expenditures for allowances theretofore authorized to veterans, Congress responded immediately. The actual situation of the so-called organized minority of veterans can be easily analyzed. It was not a minority. The average Congressional District is composed of about nine counties. There are but 65 members of the House out of 435 whose

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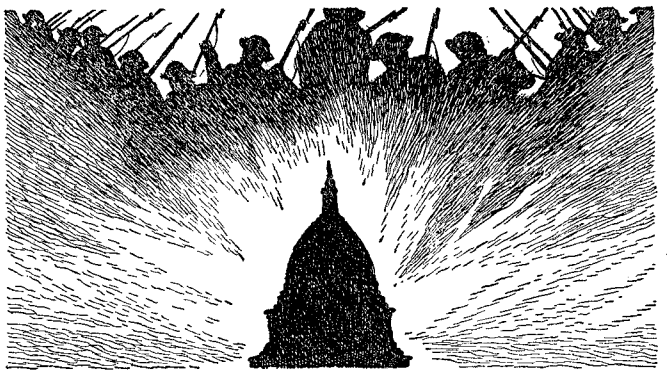

districts are entirely within city limits. It is true that the number of veterans of the World War constitute but a small percentage of our entire population. Yet let us look at the situation. There are thousands of veterans' posts scattered throughout the United States. There are five or six national veterans' organizations and hundreds of local service organizations. These posts are in every city, town, and village in every county of every State. The veteran is not clannish—the organizations are not exclusive. Veterans are very active in their communities. "Nothing is too good for the veterans" was the slogan of the non-service people and adopted as a national policy. The veterans' interest became the people's interest. During that period of five or six years when most of the veterans' legislation was enacted, *everybody at home was for it.* There were no protests. On the contrary, from every city, town, village, and hamlet came resolutions from patriotic, civic, social, fraternal, religious, and every other kind of organization; yes, and from business associations, and also from Boards of Aldermen and Town Councils and city officials and even from State legislatures, urging the passage of the legislation for veterans which Congress was considering. It was not the result of the activities of a minority group at all—it was Congress in its representative capacity carrying out the almost unanimous demands of the American people.

Later, there came strong protests against the immediate cash payment of the bonus. The veterans were then in a minority and the cash bonus bill was defeated during the first session of the 72d Congress. As long as public opinion remains against it, there will be no such legislation.

I have also heard it said that prohibition was brought about by an organized minority. I doubt that. The fight for prohibition had been going on in Congress for over twenty years. During that period State after State had adopted State-wide prohibition. Delegations from dry States voted for national prohibition. As the number of States in the dry column having State-wide prohibition increased, likewise the number of votes in the House and Senate increased, until the number grew to the necessary two-thirds vote. I know, for I was in a lonesome minority in the early days of my opposition to prohibition and my legislative efforts for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The change of national sentiment on prohibition was gradual. It took ten years, five Congresses, from the time when I first exposed corruption, graft, waste of public funds, and even murder in the course of prohibition enforcement, when I was jeered and sneered at by the overwhelming majority of my colleagues in the House, to the time when the resolution calling for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was passed with a safe majority over the necessary two-thirds vote, after only forty minutes' discussion in that same House. It was necessary to undergo these years of trial before a large number of sincere American citizens who really believed in prohibition was convinced that as a national policy it was a failure and that as a national law it could not be enforced. When the majority of the American people realized that, their viewpoint was immediately reflected in the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate. It was not a wet minority group that brought about this change. There may be at this writing a wet minority group that will again become active in seeking to prevent proper supervision and regulation of the liquor traffic. That same minority might seek again to reinstate the liquor interests in politics and re-establish conditions of old. It cannot succeed. If it should be partially successful, public opinion of the majority would curb such activities and again the lid of prohibition would be clamped on.

The dwindling power of strong lobbies may be seen in the waning influence of the Manufacturers' Association. This Association is a great organization composed of manufacturers throughout the country. In former times, when this organization or its predecessors made demands upon Congress, it generally got them. Its power is becoming less each year. It did have an isolated victory in the last tariff bill enacted in the 71st Congress. That organization has written its last tariff bill. It could not now permanently block any piece of beneficial legislation. As a minority it is fighting national child labor laws. That fight is not over. The child labor amendment to the Constitution will be eventually ratified in spite of the present setback. While I have heard the lobby of this organization severely criticised, its activities in Washington during the last fourteen years have been within the realm of propriety as far as I have been able to observe. For many years it was able to defeat the anti-injunction law curbing the abuse of the Federal Courts in labor disputes and ending the use of the so-called yellow dog contract. In 1932 when a bill was finally perfected upon which all elements of the labor movement agreed and lawyers were convinced of its constitution-

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ality, all efforts of the Manufacturers' Association were futile.

A great deal has been said in metropolitan newspapers about the farm lobby and the farm bloc. The present plight of the farmers—and the lack of legislation favorable to them—is the complete proof that to date there has been no undue influence on Congress either by a farm bloc, farm groups, or any organized minority. Up to a few years ago concerted action by the farmers and their Representatives, owing to conflicting interests, seemed impossible. The politicians and the commodity exchanges skilfully utilized this conflict and for a long time were able to keep the farmers divided among themselves and the city Representatives aligned against all farm legislation. It would seem incredible to any student of economics that up to only a year or two ago Representatives from city districts opposed farm legislation on the ground that it would "increase the cost of living," these same Representatives and their predecessors for generations having sponsored high tariffs. Then again along the fringe of every farm community there are the wholesalers, jobbers, and persons under the domination and control of city interests who thrive on the exploitation of the farmer. The worst enemies the farmers have had in the American Congress are the individuals here and there representing grain or cotton sections who, through their home connections, were in one way or another under the influence of the cotton exchange, the grain exchange, or the ticker broker.

The four great national farm organizations have enlarged and are constantly improving their organizations. While perhaps they might have taken active parts in bitterly contested local elections, from my observation the activities of their Representatives in Washington have always been carried on with dignity, propriety, and I would say helpfulness to the legislator who wanted accurate facts. True, several farm relief bills have been passed, but it must be remembered that they have always been modified, weakened, and distorted through the selfish influence of the commodity exchanges, cotton and grain gamblers. A stabilization plan was first resisted and finally defeated by these influences. The co-operative marketing plan never did have a fair trial. It was resisted, then emasculated, and finally passed. It could not be successful under the supervision of an administration following the Mellon school of economics.

Until the relation of the economic condition of the farmer to the country as a whole is understood by a majority of our people, it will be impossible to restore prosperity. The farmers of our country have recently undergone a very liberal though costly education. They are no longer to be fooled. The professional politicians have lost control of them. It is to be hoped—forever. If the commodity exchanges, along with the commodity gamblers, continue their ruinous policies of exploitation, there is grave danger that the farmers may take the situation in their own hands as they did a few months ago to preserve their homes against the greed of the usurers and the loan sharks. The farmers as such are in the minority as to population. It must not be forgotten that the majority of the population depends entirely for its food upon this minority. This unorganized minority must be reinforced by the thinking people of the cities. An understanding between railroad workers and farmers could in twenty-four hours tie up the food supply of this country. Is it fair that this important part of our population should be driven into a state of tenant peasantry, deprived of their homes, reduced to a low standard of living, and subjugated to abject misery because of the ruthless system of permitting a few parasites to gamble on the products of their toil? The farmers have had as a whole very splendid and loyal representation. These men were bucking an artificial system of distribution existing for scores of years and becoming progressively more vicious each year. Here and there a Representative from the farm districts will fall by the wayside.

I remember one who came from the Midwest as a great champion of the farmer and an exponent of farm legislation. What a voice he had. He was immediately recognized as a leader in the House. A charming personality and a forceful character, but alas, the boys from the Northeast soon saw the possibilities of this two-hundred-and-fifty-pound legislator. My, my, how he was courted and taken into the folds of society. Before long as our friend would come into the reading-room, instead of stopping to look at the weather map to see how crops might be affected, he would make a wild dive for a metropolitan newspaper, and turn to the stock-market reports. He is no longer in Congress.

When I say that organized labor has not influenced national legislation to any great extent, I know that such a statement will attract a howl of protest. Nevertheless it is a fact. No better proof that Congress has not acted sufficiently or intelligently on behalf of labor is the existing disastrous condition. Congress has met every year since the adoption of our present Constitution almost one hundred and fifty years ago, during which time we have seen grow and develop a gigantic system of mechanized industry. Labor-saving devices have come upon us constantly with increased efficiency so that now our industries can in three months produce more than the whole nation can consume in one year. Industry is entirely mechanized and farming almost entirely industrialized. Yet, under an unpardonable misconception, Congress has permitted labor conditions to remain at a standstill while progress has

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been made in electricity, chemistry, mechanics, and transportation. It has been satisfied with the excuse that the Federal Government had no jurisdiction under a Constitution which was written and adopted at a time when railroads were unknown, steam not yet applied, electricity in the laboratory experimental stage, and manufacture limited to hand labor and man power.

Labor is also to blame. It was satisfied for many years to engage in local politics and with this went along partisan allegiance and political control. In late years a most competent and able staff of legislative advisors has been brought together in Washington by the American Federation of Labor. The custom of rewarding local labor leaders with local political appointments in return for political support has been at a sacrifice to the cause of labor. But here again legislators have had a liberal though costly education through the sufferings of millions of people, through hundreds of thousands of bankruptcies and bank failures. It has finally been recognized by real leaders in thought that the only purchasing power of American industry is the American wage earner and the American farmer. During the period of gambling and speculation when the country was at the height of the stock ticker prosperity, each year more workers were being laid off until the final crash came in 1929. When an inventory was taken it was found that there were several million men and women unemployed. The number has increased ever since. It is now over twelve million. Industrial and economic conditions have woven our forty-eight States into one economic fabric. If the Constitution does not permit Congress to enact labor laws fixing the hours of labor in all States of the Union, providing for uniform factory regulations and supervision, minimum wage, inhibition against the employment of children (an interpretation which I will not concede), then the Constitution should have been amended long ago to permit such legislation. Perhaps some one may point to the eight-hour law and the recent railway labor act as indicating national labor legislation. Correct, although both of these measures are but a tiny step in the right direction. The validity of these laws as established by the Supreme Court strengthens my belief that Congress, particularly in the face of a national crisis, could so legislate as to reconcile working conditions to our present mechanized mass production system and bring about economic security to the producers of our country. In other words adapt existing machinery to human beings instead of expecting one hundred and twenty-six million human beings to adapt themselves to machinery. We must distribute the blessings of science. We must equalize the enjoyment of progress.

Now we come to the most peculiar and let me say the most effective form of lobbying in Washington. That lobby is not conducted by any private interest but by two of the executive departments of the government itself, that of the army and navy. It just cannot be beaten. The navy had an effective lobby long before the army even attempted to start its own in about 1920. I will not say that some of the complaints of the army and navy are not justified. For instance, the pay of the junior officers is wretchedly low. On the other hand I will say that they invoke every possible influence to prevent legislation they consider inimical to their own interests. At creating public opinion by the subtle use of propaganda, the navy is a past master. There is nothing they will not do from moving an entire fleet a thousand miles for the purpose of a spectacular entrance into a port at the time when legislation for additional ships is under consideration, to the turning over of the Naval Academy for the purpose of making a commercial film. Rest assured the navy will get its message into that film while the company will take the profits from the box receipts.

The army and navy will play practical politics too. A specific instance of politics might be seen in the consideration of the 1932 army appropriation bill. Efforts were made to reduce the cost of the army by eliminating a number of superannuated and supernumerary officers. The army put all of its resources to work and on a division vote in the House the amendment was defeated by a comparatively small margin. The entire Tammany delegation voted with the army. Then lo and behold *The Army and Navy Journal* said:

> John F. Curry, the leader of Tammany Hall, paid a visit to Governors Island last week. This modest gentleman, who has risen by brains and integrity to the captaincy of the great political organization which rules New York, came and went unheralded. Commanders of the area have invited him to be their guest, but important business or social engagements prevented his acceptance. On this occasion, however, he went quietly to the Island to see Captain A. C. Purvis, *whom he had had appointed to West Point.* [Italics mine.] He has told his friends that he enjoyed himself and we are glad he did so. Mr. Curry is a strong advocate of adequate national defense. He makes no secret of

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his attitude nor of the fact that Tammany, under his leadership, is determined to uphold the policy of patriotism. It was that policy which, observed by the members of the Society's delegation in Congress, defeated the destructive provisions by which Mr. Collins sought to hamstring national defense. To Mr. Curry and Tammany, the country and the army are heavily indebted. (*Army and Navy Journal,* May 21, 1932.)

Brains and integrity!

As if this were not enough, there appears in the issue of July 16, 1932:

> The power and independence and patriotism of that great organization known as Tammany were never better illustrated than in the matter of the officers cut. . . . It is possible to attribute this solidarity largely to the attitude of that brilliant leader, John F. Curry. . . . The army is grateful to Mr. Curry and the Tammany representatives in the Senate and House. . . .

This, a few weeks *after* Judge Samuel Seabury submitted his report on the Tammany administration.

But the army's appreciation of Tammany is more than fulsome praise of this kind. Many were shocked when during a New York City mayoralty campaign the army once more came to the rescue of Tammany. Its candidate had no military record and was being opposed by a veteran. So the army immediately supplied the necessary military atmosphere. West Point was utilized for this purpose. The cadets were taken from their studies, placed in formation in dress uniform. As the Tammany candidate disembarked from a private yacht after a wild party up the Hudson, moving-picture machines turned out thousands of feet of film as the cadets staged a review. The films were used for political purposes during that local campaign. That is not all. There is a small military contingent stationed at Governors Island. There are only eight or nine civilians actually living on the Island. Yet 172 actually registered and voted from there. It is clear then that the army has gone into politics. In the election district in which Governors Island is located the returns show that in a municipal campaign in which Tammany Hall was vitally concerned, the Tammany candidate received 444 votes and the anti-Tammany candidate 26.

The Washington social lobby is perhaps the most insidious. Its technique is awkward, its purpose apparent. It, too, is fast losing its influence. For a time during the "cocktail era" it looked as if the social lobby were in the ascendency and would again come into its own. Economic conditions, however, have made the people back home too alert and the social lobby is again on the decline. There is nothing the social lobby will not do to influence legislation upon subjects ranging from a special schedule in a tariff bill to the lowering of an income tax, or the restoration of the dress uniform of the U. S. Marines. It is ever ready to wile the doubtful, entertain the weak, lionize the prominent, and cater to the influential. Sometimes there are strange results of this mixture of the social and political. Only recently at the home of one of Washington's most influential dowagers, a home that has entertained lavishly and often for many years, where many bills were put across, over demi-tasse and cigarettes, a supposedly prominent Senator from a small Eastern State was the "ranking guest." That in the parlance of the Washington parvenu means the guest of honor. The Senator was chairman of a sub-committee, having a certain bill under consideration and giving that bill the pigeon-hole treatment of slow, painless but certain death. The Senator accepted the invitation. The right ones were invited to give the Senator the social works. Well, it so happened that at the time that particular sub-committee had several important bills before it and the chairman was much in demand. He stopped at other "conferences" before going to *the* affair of the evening. The Senator was in good fettle. He displayed his most gracious and courtly manners. An invitation from this particular hostess was the certificate absolute that "one had arrived socially." "He likes it" murmured the wise ones. Dinner was announced. The "ranking guest" of course sat at the hostess's right. The hors d'œuvres were served and the Senator was quite talkative. The soup was served and the Senator became most loquacious. Then the Senator became quite friendly, and real clubby. Placing his arms around the shoulders of his hostess he prepared to tell one of the latest and choicest of cloak-room stories. The hostess was embarrassed, the "wise ones" startled, the young ones snickered, the butler grunted, but every one maintained dignity. Washington always does.

Congress is not faultless, it has its defects and shortcomings. It is representative of the American people. Congressional government may be at times inefficient and often wasteful. Many forms of government may be thought of as more efficient and less costly, but they are not American. Mistakes are made, experiments are tried. As mistakes are discovered and experiments proved failures, correction is rapid and certain. The membership of Congress is human, and fortunately has a sense of humor. It is the constant target for ridicule and abuse which it has learned to absorb quickly and good-naturedly. It is the people's government and it will always be as alert, as intelligent, and as constructive as the people themselves.

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Bitter Apples

A STORY OF A MAN WHO GOES HOME

By Ethel Hepburn

He drove along in the dispirited car without much noticing the road, not having admitted to himself that he was going anywhere in particular. Sometimes he knew which little town lay next ahead; what lake that was, what river, even what farm. Again, his gaze would widen out over a valley, a view he had forgotten, and he would wonder for a moment if he had lost the way. What way? All ways were alike to him.

Yet north and west out of Chicago the road, familiar or forgotten, was steadily drawing him to the town he once called home. There was no reason why he should go there, but there was none for staying in Chicago, either. And early this morning the wind along State Street had suddenly gone soft, like the wind along the river up home, and he had headed north, for no reason at all. North and west until, unless he had forgotten some of the turnings, Sunnytown lay just around this hill. . . .

Lazy in the summer afternoon. It hadn't changed a bit. Cutleaf maples still dripping over the lawns along River Street; a child and another child running across the grass; still a few loafers hanging around in front of Brodie's; the old blacksmith shop, still a yawning, flimsy tomb. Nothing had changed. Queer, to come back ten lifetimes older and find everything else as it had been. A darned uncomfortable feeling. And he thought of driving on, came within an inch of driving on, out along the highway. But there was a movie; that was new; that was a change to bring more change, he wouldn't wonder. Besides, it was late and he was hungry. He couldn't get to LaCrosse, now, until midnight or after, and he wouldn't care to eat at any of the towns between. They used to serve good meals at the Bieder House. He'd better stay the night. . . .

The Bieder House looked as if it hadn't harbored a speck of dust in all these years. There was a new-patterned linoleum in the office now; the old Franklin stove had been taken out. The chairs were painted gray, and covered with some bright stuff, peacocks and vivid flowering vines, and on the gray painted desk a yellow bowl was filled with bright late-summer flowers. A man wouldn't mind staying here.

He asked for a room, as well as dinner, and a blond young man—some kin of the Bieders, likely, though not one he knew; they were all straw-headed and solemn men—asked him if it was just for one night. Suddenly he didn't wish to commit himself to going on; to his own surprise he answered, carelessly, "Oh, I'll be around a day or two, maybe." And for the first time in a dozen years he signed his full name: Grant Courteney Sauber.

It meant nothing, he saw, to the young clerk. He's not lived here all his life, thought Grant, watching the lashes sweep down as the boy glanced at the name. An old-timer would have asked: Are you any kin to the Courteneys who used to live out on Maple Hill? Old Speyer Courteney's grandson? You don't say! Well, well. The Courteneys hereabouts are all gone, but there's Saubers living out on the Dalles road, and over Langford way. This young man merely said, "You've forgotten the town, Mister," turning the book back to him, and Grant wrote Chicago, wondering as he did so how many homeless people name it as their home. . . .

The dining-room was washed in the same bright immaculacy. There were flowers on the tables here, too, and a stray wind was blowing the curtains softly out and in. He had forgotten curtains could be white as these.

It wasn't dinner they gave him. It was a country supper, a little like Aunt Nance's suppers. He had forgotten the taste of them, but now he remembered. . . .

He remembered, too, the look of the town in the evening-filtered light; every one spilled out from the walls, moving without urgency along the walks: to the post-office and back, to Faire's for a sundae, to the neighbors, to the folks. Except there was the movie, now.

He felt exposed in these streets, unable to go blank against these people. He should have driven the car; would have felt better, hunched down in the car, looking on. Now he was without skin, walked vulnerable to their recognition. Some one would be sure to know

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him in a minute, call to him, stop and want to talk about his folks, about Aunt Nance, about things that were done with, and best forgotten. . . . Yet he kept on walking as long as there were streets; and no one spoke his name. No one spoke his name. He must be more changed than he knew; or Sunnytown more changed. . . .

His feet lagged up the steps of the Bieder House. He wondered if he should start on again, drive the night. But that would be a foolish thing to do. What, after all, had he wanted? What did he expect?

There was an old man at the desk now. From under snarled white eyebrows his pale blue eyes looked through to Grant's bones. "Yes," he nodded, "you're Grant Courteney's nephew, all right, Ellen Courteney's boy. No two ways about it. I saw it on the book, here, and I knew there couldn't be two by that name. I guess I never saw you; I been long gone from Sunnytown, just come back a spell ago to help Sophie out here; but I knew your uncle well. You're the living image of him when he was a young man. Did you know you look exactly like him, boy?"

Grant smiled at being called boy. "Aunt Nance had a picture of him," he admitted. "I never saw him."

"That so?" The old man seemed surprised. "Well, there's a picture of him in every mirror where you look. You look for all the world as if you was his son."

"Well, I'm not. I'm not his son." Fine father *he* had been. Of course he had sent those checks, always; but in letters showing no more interest or affection than the bank displayed when they cashed them for Aunt Nance. The banker always smiled at Aunt Nance, at least, and asked her how her boy was coming. . . . Not that it mattered. He was glad. He didn't want any one to love him. That was half what had made it so hard to be with Aunt Nance, her loving him. . . .

"Well, you're more his son than Carl Sauber's all the same," the old man persisted. "You're Courteney through and through. And I expect you're every bit as proud as any of them, too."

Proud? He proud? Proud of nothing except being a tramp without pride. . . .

"Folks held that pride against them, most folks did. And your Uncle Grant was the proudest of the lot. But I always did like him. Though he did take Ellen's marriage awful foolish . . . gave her the farm and run off. . . . Well, here's your key. I hope you'll like the room." Then he added slowly, leaning forward on a veined old hand, "Yes, you're uncanny like him. But somehow different, too. I expect life isn't any easier now," he went on, surprisingly, "than it was when he was young. . . . Well, I hope you'll like your room." . . .

Grant woke in the morning from a thin dream which he could not remember, feeling curiously at home in this strange bed. He ought to be moving along today. They said there was some building starting up in the Twin Cities; he'd thought of driving up there. But he didn't feel ambitious about it. He was reluctant, the truth was, to go away. He couldn't imagine why.

Brushing his hair before a rather rippled mirror he thought of what the old man had said about his uncle: there's a picture of him in every mirror where you look. He leaned to study that picture. That was a strange thing the old man had said, that about life not being any easier now than when Grant Courteney was young. What was there in his face to make any one say a thing like that?

Anyway, maybe before he went away he ought to go out and take a look at the old Courteney place, out on Maple Hill. . . .

Who lived there now, he wondered? He'd had some money paid him, shortly after his twenty-first birthday, for a quit-claim deed to whatever was his share of it. The deed had been drawn to his step-mother and her new husband, he didn't remember that name. No telling who lived there, now. . . .

It looked about as it had when he used sometimes to drive past, with Aunt Nance. Poor Aunt Nance, she had never gone by the place without mourning, with little cluckings and moanings, over the way it had changed from the days when the Courteneys lived there. Then, she told him each time they passed, the lawn had been clipped and green, the hedge trimmed; the whole place had had a leisured, decorative look. Now, it was just a farm. Chickens scuttled through the tall grasses of the yard; the hedge grew every which way. Dishtowels were drying on a part of it, near the kitchen door. Only the four white pillars across the front of the house defied being put to use. . . . He wondered what it looked like, inside. All he could see there, now, was his own bed, with a window over it that was divided into many panes. His eyes looked for such a window, against his will. What he remembered of this house he did not want to remember. . . . The first day Lena was there, bending her thick body above him, smiling with loose, weakly cunning mouth and telling him she was his mamma. He had turned in terror to his father, then, and on that familiarly steady, sad dark face had seen with shame a wavering reflection of Lena's smile. Strange, he had no other memory of his father until that other day—had there really been almost two years between—when that face, gone steady, sad and dark again, had gleamed up from so strange a bed into a flower-sickened room. . . . And Aunt Nance coming and taking him away; Aunt Nance, who was no aunt at all, but only a cousin of old Speyer Courteney. . . .

Her home, Aunt Nance's old home that had been

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his so long, was just over the hill and down that road to the left about half a mile. But he wouldn't drive on that road. Tacky old place, crumbling and creaky with age; he'd rather not see it. He was glad Aunt Nance had left it to her blood nephews, Bill and Reed Wayne, Fred Wayne's boys. They might have fixed it up some, of course, but he'd rather not see it. Probably it hadn't brought the boys anything but grief, at that. Grief and a backache. That's about how farming was, these days. What would he have done with the place, anyway? What a farmer he'd make!

Yet he kept on driving on the dusty, unpaved roads that led from farm to farm. Golden stubble, waiting for the plow; fields of tented corn; alfalfa in fading, purply-blue beauty; reedy marshes deep in the valleys; orchards on distant hills, splotched and heavy with ripening fruit; goldenrod in spilled coin along the road; silver glimpses of the river. . . . He drove on and on. . . . Whatever shallow roots he had were in this soil. He wondered how much it had hurt Grant Courteney to go away, to leave this land and go away to the cities. . . .

What had Aunt Nance written him, once, and more than once, about some particular and special letter from Uncle Grant, how he had got hold of a piece of land again, and planted an orchard? Aunt Nance had spoken so solemnly about that letter; she seemed to think that the land, and the orchard, had changed Grant Courteney's life, and that his letter telling about them could change his nephew's, if only he would come home and get it. She wouldn't even trust it to the mails; he must come home and get it. . . . Funny old Aunt Nance.

But why did he keep on driving through these country roads? He'd better get back to Sunnytown, check out, and be on his way. Time for him to be moving on. . . .

When he got back to the hotel Bruce David was waiting for him. The old man must have let folks know he was in town. But why had Bruce David come? Bruce always said they were old friends. Well, they had both grown up in this town, which was as much as people usually meant when they said old friends. And they had gone to the University, Bruce a year ahead of Grant. And Bruce had tried to show him the ropes, the good, wise ropes, when he had come down. That probably was friendship. Bruce had nothing to get out of it, except the good feeling of being the better man. . . . No matter how little attention Grant paid to his advice, Bruce had never tired of giving it. . . .

Grant had never liked him; he didn't like him now. Bruce was going to bring up all the past; to pull up its bones and dangle them, over the luncheon to which he was inviting himself. . . .

Clarke David was dead, Bruce said, and Grant was sorry. Bruce wasn't at all like his dad. Clarke David was a different type of man, altogether. Grant remembered him almost too well . . . his grave, deeply seeing eyes, searching a man's motives, and his meaning. Those eyes, looking so softly into him, had been gently pained and disappointed, but comprehending, too. . . . It was the only time Grant ever remembered feeling just like that, conscious of the hollow in his middle and the dust in his mouth. . . .

Bruce, breaking a hot roll and letting the butter melt in, said suddenly,

"By the way, Grant, what did you ever do about your uncle's place, that place on the lake, up near Minneapolis? Didn't you ever rent it, or anything?"

"My uncle's place?"

Scorn leaping in Bruce's eyes, his lashes sweeping down to hide his scorn. "You don't mean to say you've forgotten all about it?" How, in heaven's name, could a man forget a piece of property? "Haven't you even seen it?"

"No. I supposed it had gone for taxes, long ago."

Bruce's voice, trying to sound amused, tolerantly amused, had an edge. "It would have gone, of course, if it hadn't been for Miss Wayne. You certainly are a practical sort of duck, Grant. . . . I came to see you because of Miss Wayne. She left a letter in my father's charge for you. A letter from your uncle, Grant Courteney. You were in France when it came. And later, when she got that money off to you . . ."

Bruce's eyes evading, as if he ought not to remind Grant that he had received the money. It made his skin creep, seeing Bruce being delicate about it. Of course he had got the money, why not? It was just money. He had married on it, as a matter of fact, for no good reason, and there'd been nothing left of it to pay for the divorce with, either. . . . Grant wondered, irrelevantly, where Lottie was now. He was glad the divorce, and all that, was over. She was a slovenly thing, too careless even for him. He wondered how the beauty-shop man in Peoria was finding her now. . . .

"Well," Bruce went on, carefully, "Miss Wayne didn't want to send the letter on, just then. She asked Dad to keep it until you inquired about your uncle's property. She kept the taxes paid, left some money to keep them paid for a while, too. She was always certain you would get interested in that place, some day, and she asked my father to give you the letter whenever you came to inquire about it. I would have sent the letter to you, after Dad died, since Miss Wayne was dead, too, but I never could find any one who knew where you were. . . ."

The skin prickled along the back of Grant's neck. Why didn't Bruce call him a bum, and be done with it?

"My father always hoped to deliver the letter to you

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personally." Bruce went on, with decent regret, "He thought it would mean something to you. In it your uncle explains why he never came home, and how sorry he was that he stayed away. And he tells you about the place he left you, especially the apple trees. He has a lot to say about those twenty-five trees!"

Grant's voice, deliberately dusty and bored, cut across Bruce's hollow warmth. "Sort of late, don't you think, for him to be writing his first letter to me? He never bothered to write to me before."

Bruce's eyes were reproachful, but they had no power to make a man ashamed, as old Clarke David's had. Bruce was merely shocked at what you did or said, he didn't know anything about what you were. His eyes didn't go beyond your skin. But his voice cut through.

"I suppose you know, Grant, that your uncle sent money for your support, for years and years?"

Support; like a waif in a foundling home.

"Yeah, Aunt Nance gave him full credit. But I didn't ask him for any support and neither did she. I suppose he sent her money because his Scotch pride couldn't quite stomach putting his sister's child off on a distant cousin. And I suppose he left what he had to me because he didn't have any one else to leave it to, and couldn't bear not to have the say of it, even after he was dead. That's what I feel about him, Bruce, and that's all I feel."

If Bruce only had sense enough to drop it there— But of course he would have to go on and on, telling you what you ought to think and feel.

"Did you know, Grant, your uncle was a poor man, really? That he gave their home to his sister when she married, and went away with practically nothing? Worked for years and years in the flour mills, as little better than a laborer? And that the land and the little money you got were the savings of a terribly meagre and comfortless life? Miss Wayne spoke of it to my father, many times. Her brother, Fred Wayne, had looked him up for her, told her he lived in the cheapest, barest boarding house. Both Miss Wayne and her brother tried to persuade him not to send that money. But he sent it every month, just the same."

Grant wasn't going to get soft about his uncle, now. He said, scornfully:

"I suppose it was of me he was thinking, all those years he was living like the tight old Scotchman he probably was. I suppose he was martyring himself for me? To buy that land and save up that money for me? Is that what you expect me to believe, David?"

Bruce David flushed under his country-club tan. Men did not call him "David." He said, distantly:

"Well, I'm glad you give Miss Wayne full credit, Sauber. She would appreciate that. Your uncle, not long before he died, wanted to come down and visit you, and after his death she felt a great deal of remorse because she had not welcomed him. She had been afraid, she admitted, that your uncle might . . . Well, might steal your affection from her."

Grant reddened, angrily. Bruce couldn't do that to him; he wouldn't let Bruce make him ashamed that he had never loved Aunt Nance. He hadn't loved her. What of it? He had never, in fact, loved any one. There had been a time when it had frightened him, not loving any one. But after the war, he was darned glad of it. Was it love he had felt for the blond boy who had lived with him in a lousy dugout for three days? Was that love, that racking pity, that yearning to spare and to save? A lot of good it had done the kid, whatever it was, when hell came storming over. No, he was glad he had never loved any one. Not Lottie, not any woman he had known, not Aunt Nance. An old woman, stringy and thin, and fussy about a lot of things that didn't matter. Aunt Nance didn't know that Santa Claus had died, let alone God. It had made him feel like talking to some one through a cotton wadding mask; she never heard what he said, and what she said never made any sense. . . . How can you be like that, Grant? You come of good people. To say nothing of the Courteneys and the MacAllisters, your papa's family, though Germans and not educated, were all nice folks. How can you be like that? You come of good people. . . . Aunt Nance had never learned that no one had people any more. Just men and women, each with his back against his own particular wall. . . .

"Let's go," said Grant, his glance indicating the girl who had served them, hovering. "Let's go, and let them clear away."

Bruce rose slowly. "We had the estate probated, of course, and the land stands in your name. I have the abstract in my office, if you'd care to come and get it?"

"Thanks, Bruce. Later in the day, if I may, I'll come over and have a look at it." Grant sounded a little more important, more like a man of property, even to himself. "And you can tell me, then, how to find the place. I've a couple of weeks free, just now, so I'll drive up there. I'll be over about three?"

"Fine. I'll give you that letter then, too."

"Oh, yes, the letter." Grant walked with Bruce to the door of the hotel. . . .

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He was in for it, now. He would have to go, now, and get that abstract, and the letter. He'd have to go see the place. . . .

This was as far as he could go in the car. The rest of the way he would have to walk. Provided he wanted to go the rest of the way. He wasn't sure that he did, now. For here, at the end of the road, a group of flamboyant, flimsy little cottages crowded together. Grant stared at them bitterly. They were quiet enough now, but Grant imagined what they would be like with a dozen radios tuned to as many stations; with slovenly Lotties shrilling greetings from one door to another. . . . This was the peace, the seclusion, he had thought he might find. . . . He ought to have known. . . .

He got out indifferently; stood lankily beside his car. The August afternoon soaked into his flesh and his bones. There was a faint path, he saw, beyond the cottages, leading through a tangle of brush and weeds into the cool woods that spired up toward the point. But was it worth while going on? Bruce had made it clear it wasn't much of a place. Oh, he had admitted it was high wooded shore land, and that there wasn't much more like it available on this lake, "so that it has some value, of course, Grant, aside from whatever sentimental value you may attach to it, as your inheritance," Bruce's voice gone thin and mean, at last. "But I must remind you that so far as I am aware, there hasn't been a foot set on it, except probably to despoil it, since your uncle's death, eleven years ago." And now these cottages sprawled in the way. He might have known from the first it would be a wild-goose chase. The whole trip was a wild-goose chase. . . .

That letter Bruce had given him. He hadn't felt like reading it before. He might have a look at it, now. And taking it from his pocket he slouched down on the running-board of the car. . . .

It didn't seem like a letter from his uncle, because it was typewritten. Bruce said the office girl at the hospital had taken it down word for word from the old man, as he was dying, and then typed it. It was faint along the lines where it had been folded. At the end, in the feeblest, faintest scrawl, there was a signature. "Your —loving" he studied the spidery script "uncle Grant." How feeble the old man must have been when he signed his letter; how near gone! . . .

Suddenly, and vividly as he had imagined nothing for years and years, he could see that hospital room, the old man on a hospital cot, fighting for the words in this letter; a young girl taking them down as she heard them; a lawyer, the one who had drawn the will and mailed the letter to Aunt Nance, leaning and listening, too, helping the girl to get down every word . . . two strangers, attending the dying words of an old man. . . .

"My dear, dear boy." What boy? Whose? But the letter was to him. This very letter, coming now from long beyond death, had been written to him. His fingers tightened on the page, he began to read, above the suffocating, thick beating of his heart. . . .

"I loved your mother, son, like an ache in my body * * *"

Grant's throat was swelling in its sallow skin. An old man dying among strangers in a hospital, talking about love. Talking about love as if he knew it, as if it were something you could know, something that mattered to a man. . . .

" * * * it was from my apple trees I learned how wrong, how lost I'd been * * * son, I was past sixty years when they had their first blooming * * * When I held in my hands the fruit of my trees, I knew * * * You've got to take the whole fruit in your hand, the round, the circle. The skin and the seed and the sharp core, as well as the sweet * * * Your mother knew these things, I think, when she was young * * * I had to live all these years, and plant me an orchard toward the end, to learn * * *"

Did it make any sense? An old man had stood death off a little while, to say these words to him. Did they make any sense at all? Apple trees blossoming . . . apple trees coming to fruit . . . and love. . . .

The man on the running-board of the dusty car tried to flick a cynical smile over all that he had read. Tried . . . and began following the path beyond the cottages, up past the sumac and the willow and the weeds; up the hill, through the trees, toward his inheritance. . . .

He had expected nothing. Why, then, when he came out upon the clearing over the hill, was he swept with such desolation? He, who had seen towns that had been gutted to hell in a few hours' shelling, scarcely turning his head to notice how the ruins lay grotesquely under the moon, now felt himself sick and riven by the sight of an ordinary little woods cabin, despoiled, in a clearing that was giving way to brush and creepers and riotous weeds. Perhaps because it hadn't been done in a few hours . . . you felt the drip of the years upon that broken roof; the slow teeth of the years had bitten at that ruined sill. . . .

There had been windows; bits of glass glittered among the dust and debris inside the cabin. The panes

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must have been shattered first by wind and storm, or by exploring boys, and when its eyes were gone, blind and helpless the house had waited its slow fate. . . . Some one had taken the window casings. The doors were gone, and the door casings. If there had been any furniture, it had been taken away. Only one piece was left, a crude three-shelfed open cupboard, which sat across one wall, the shelves sagging mustily in the middle. No, there was one thing more, besides bottles and bits of splintered wood, and old cans and shattered glass. There was one high-topped boot, kicked obscenely out of the debris that was piled on the hearth; rather a small boot, for a man who planted apple trees, and who no doubt had built the sturdy hearth upon which it lay. . . .

Quickly Grant fled into the yard. There had been a porch across the front, and on the rotted and failing floor of that porch were the jagged roots of four white pillars. Four white pillars across the great house back home; four white pillars across this little cabin. They must have looked comical against this small and otherwise unpainted house; but Grant did not smile at them. Boards had been torn from that porch not so long ago. Out on the point, the blackened ash of fishermen's fires told what had become of them. The cabin was not a fit shelter, now, even for stray fishermen; they ripped it to bits and burned it piecemeal, outside under the trees. Maybe the four white pillars had been burned there. . . .

Grant stood helpless in the cleared space which the forest was slowly reclaiming. Young trees were there, knee high, hip high; and for the rest, creepers, tangled wild grasses and triumphant weeds. And at one side of the clearing a faint, almost obliterated path; the memory of a path. He wondered if it led to where the apple trees had been. Followed it, and stopped short, seeing they were still there. He found himself counting them; and there were twenty-five. Not one, then, had perished. . . .

Slowly he came up toward them; saw a half-dozen knobbly pale green apples hanging in the sun. He reached for one and cupped it in his hand. It was dwarfed, withered, knotted; drawn up in scars, tunnelled through with worms. . . . "You've got to take the whole fruit in your hand; the round, the circle . . ." Half fearfully he lifted the apple, turned to a spot of smooth green and put it to his mouth. The flesh was coarse and bitter. The trees had gone back to the wilderness. Unhusbanded, they had gone back. . . .

His arms resting on a twisted branch, his head resting on his arms, Grant felt through his body the quick upthrust of sorrow. As if something in him that all his life had been a hard, dry seed had in a moment become a tree; a tortured and thwarted tree, but a living tree. . . .

When he lifted his head, far down below him there was the gleam of water in the sun, a flick of sunlight over water. . . . Pretty, the way the green sloped off there, and then, far down, the water . . . pretty. And it was his. This was his land; these were his trees. Gnarled roots, convulsed limbs, destroying worm within stricken fruit . . . but living trees. Planted in virgin soil beside still water. . . .

Was there help for them, or had he come too late? Suppose he were to live here; suppose he stayed. . . . Loosened the strangling roots, sprayed, watered, pruned. Would it do any good now, or was he too late? He didn't know enough about fruit growing, about an orchard to be sure. But a man could find out these things. He would find out. He would try. . . .

Slowly he went back along the faint path toward the cabin—where there was a good foundation, and a simple, well-made hearth. The rest would have to be cleared away, as the underbrush and the weeds and the throttling vines must be cleared away . . . and the worm, and the blight, and the gall. . . .

PASTORAL

By Ruth Langland Holberg

Dawn is a cool hand sprinkling
Dew on rosy-russet clover crinkling
With sleep; dawn is a delicately alembicated
Choir of insects saturated
With sleep, of bells swung by bees
Droning morning devotions, of trees
That yawn and stretch and shake
Their crumpled leaves. . . .
Sunbrown farmers rake
Bright hay in the shimmering heat of noon,
And teams waver across the hills
Like figures distorted on a silver spoon.
The distilled sweetness of hay spills
Its perfume on the motionless air.

The quail calls, now here—now there—
A cool staccato note, and far
In the woods like an early star,
A mourning-dove laments at four
And makes too fleet the poignant hour.

Udders empty of their milk
Swing 'twixt flanks of tawny silk
To evening pastures; like an old
Fresco the blue melts in vaporous gold
And apricot, and the pale-tipped
Moon rests on a chipped
Ivory cloud suspended in the windless air—
Night drifts down like fragments of a prayer.

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Programs for the Jobless

By Henry Hazlitt

With thirteen million out of work, even the beginning of recovery does not remove the necessity for immediate relief. Mr. Hazlitt contends that this is a federal problem and points to useful work in the de-uglification of the nation which might be accomplished.

THE central problem of the economic crisis is that of unemployment, the tragedy of the millions of men who are tramping the streets and cannot find work. And yet the first thing that must be recognized about that problem is that it cannot be solved in isolation. The chief remedy for it is not a direct one. The nation, it is true, can provide direct relief. But it can continue relief doles only as long as the resources of the government hold out. The resources of the government, in turn, are determined by its credit; its credit depends finally upon its power and will to raise enough taxes; and its power to raise taxes depends upon the prosperity and the volume of employment in the country. The greater the unemployed army grows, in other words, the more difficult it becomes to solve the problem by direct doles or any other form of governmental relief: the funds needed grow constantly larger, while the ability to raise even the same amount of funds becomes constantly less.

We meet the same dilemma, of course, when we come to almost any other special economic question. The problem of balancing the budget cannot be solved in isolation, or that of the railroads, or of the farmer, or of the banks. You cannot raise taxes to balance a budget when business is stagnant and there is so little to tax. No magic formula can solve the problem of the railroads when there is not enough traffic for them. Through the R. F. C. we can dump billions of dollars of the taxpayers' money into insolvent banks in an effort to make them solvent, but the inevitable crash comes anyway, and we have to tell the depositor to take his losses. We can throw hundreds of millions of dollars of the same taxpayers' money into the world cotton and wheat markets in an effort to keep the farmers' prices high, but those prices continue to tumble, and the government must sell out its holdings at the lowest levels. We are embarking upon a new plan to take about a billion dollars a year out of the pockets of three quarters of the population and hand it over to the other quarter, to the farmers raising a few special crops. This plan seems likely to follow the course of the others. The best of such schemes can succeed for a time only at the expense of some one else; they must all finally break down if a general recovery does not come soon enough.

The primary solution to the problem of unemployment, to repeat, cannot be a direct one. Our greatest efforts must be bent toward a general recovery. Our real problem is not to put millions of people on doles, or to invent unnecessary tasks to give work at the public expense, but to restore the normal activities of labor and the normal demand for it. A friendly adjustment of the war debts, for example, and a lowering of world tariffs, opening up foreign markets to the American farmer and manufacturer, would do more for labor than any direct measure dealing with labor possibly could. And if this were accompanied by reduction of the dollar to one-half of its present gold content, preferably as the result of an international agreement by which other nations took similar steps, we should perhaps have a very rapid rise of prices that would begin to put labor to work even more quickly. We are now off the gold standard, Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot have visited us, and it is to be hoped that some definite steps along these lines will have been taken by the time this is published. Whatever we may think of the ultimate justice or value or destiny of the profit system, we must at least recognize that the profit system cannot work unless it has a profit. A profit can be obtained only when there is a difference in favor of prices as compared with costs of production.

The dilemma of the present is that prices have fallen violently and that costs of production cannot be fairly and quickly adjusted downward in the same ratio. Interest payments are maintained by contract, rents by leases, hourly wage rates by union resistance and social feeling. All of these cost items, of course, have been falling; but they have been falling in an inequitable and disorderly fashion that seems to create more problems than it solves. Interest rates are either maintained in full, at the 1929 level, or suspended entirely; rents

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are held up or buildings are left empty; instead of an even reduction of wage rates, the wage rates of non-union labor are slashed ruthlessly, while the wage rates of strongly unionized labor are cut comparatively little. But this does not benefit generally even the strong unions, for men are laid off at so wholesale a rate that total wage payments in factories today have fallen to one third of what they were in 1926.

A rise in commodity prices, instead of a further wholesale disorganization of costs, would mean the re-employment of workers more or less at their accustomed occupations, where they are genuinely efficient, and not at tasks artificially invented by government expenditure. When such government projects are planned on a great scale, there are not enough skilled men in the country to take care of them, and the men who are employed in those tasks, though they may be skilled in other lines, are compelled to give unskilled work for the wages of unskilled labor.

Yet, when all is said, direct remedies are indispensable. While we wait for recovery, millions are starving; and even if we were to suppose, in spite of our repeated bitter disappointments, that recovery would begin tomorrow, it would still require a long period for all the idle workers to be re-employed. Relief for these men must somehow be provided, and we have not begun to recognize how formidable a problem the provision of adequate relief would be. If we accept the usual estimate of 13,000,000 unemployed, and undertake to pay only five dollars a week to each of them, we need relief funds of $65,000,000 a week, or $3,380,000,000 a year. Nothing remotely approaching this has yet been attempted. Even the recent LaFollette-Wagner-Costigan measure provides only $500,000,000. But at least the problem is beginning to be recognized clearly. We no longer pretend to think that we can meet it with private charity. The relief which that charity provides is hopelessly inadequate; and the burden of supporting that relief falls on individuals in proportion to their social sensitiveness, and not, as it should, in proportion to their ability to pay.

We now recognize, too, that direct relief must mean increasingly federal relief. States and cities no longer have the funds to support it. The suggestion has been made that a special tax be laid on all incomes, in addition to the regular income tax, and that the proceeds of this extra tax be devoted to the unemployed. This plan would have the merit of reducing opposition to any increase in the already high income tax, but it is not likely that an increase merely in income-tax rates would be enough to raise the necessary funds. A special unemployment relief loan might be another and perhaps more effective way of dramatizing the relief problem. But it seems extremely improbable, in any case, that anything approaching the needed $3,000,000,000 a year will be raised. Certainly, as long as we are raising less than that sum, it is futile to pretend that we are taking care of the problem.

When we urge relief, we should urge it for the sake of the relief itself, and not on the ground, for example, that the appropriation of these funds, by placing $3,000,000,000 a year or any other amount into the hands of persons who would not otherwise have had it, will increase purchasing power and so help to restore prosperity. The question of purchasing power is much more complicated than it is commonly assumed to be. If the unemployment relief funds are raised by taxation, exactly as much purchasing power is taken away from those who pay the taxes as is acquired by those who receive the proceeds of them. There is, in other words, no net increase in purchasing power at all. It is true that this redistribution of income affects the directions that purchasing power takes: more will be spent for foodstuffs, and less for luxuries; and wholly apart from immediate humanitarian considerations, this is healthier economically, for it tends to help agriculture and the more basic industries where distress is greatest, and to bring the flow of what purchasing power is left nearer to the normal channels.

It increases to some extent, also, the *use* of purchasing power. By this I do not mean that purchasing power flows into the purchase of consumption goods rather than into that of production goods; for there is very little new investment at the present time, so little that it may be called negligible; and what little there is gives as much employment as an equal amount spent on consumption goods. But there is a large amount of purchasing power at present in the country which, though it exists, is not being employed at all; it consists not only in the hoarded money of individuals, but in the deposits in those banks which, aiming to keep "liquid," are refusing to make loans even when the loans are sound and they have the resources. The turning over of part of this to the unemployed would transform it, in the terminology of physics, from potential or static purchasing power to actual or kinetic purchasing power. But while such secondary economic considerations have weight, they are of little importance compared with the humanitarian need of relief for its own sake.

One of the common false remedies for unemployment is the demand for fewer working hours. Now there has in fact been a gradual reduction in working hours for many years. The average number of stated hours for the work week in 1914, for example, was

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fifty-five, and this had fallen by the end of 1930 to forty-eight. This is a reduction of more than an hour in the average working day, achieved in a period of sixteen years. A further gradual reduction in the length of the working day is altogether probable, and certainly an end to be striven for. As new machines and methods make men more productive, their hourly rate of wages goes up; this enables them to buy more things, and one of the things they may elect to buy is leisure. But the sudden reduction, now advocated by the American Federation of Labor, and incorporated in the Black Bill, to a nominal week of only thirty hours (a five-day week and a six-hour day) hardly seems advisable. If the reduction were made without any increase in the hourly wage-rate, it would, other things being equal, merely cut the workingman's income to less than two thirds of its previous amount. If the effort were made to maintain that previous income, it could be done only by an increase in hourly wage rates of 60 per cent. To suppose that labor could achieve such an increase under present circumstances is fantastic. As volume of production would probably fall nearly in proportion to the decline in hours, industry could not now stand such an increase in wage rates. And even if it could, it is altogether probable that most workmen would prefer to have their nominal working week reduced not eighteen hours, but something nearer to six hours, and take added money income in preference to any further reduction of working hours.

The belief that a shortening of the working week would give added employment rests on several false assumptions. If the workmen still employed for more than thirty hours a week were willing to accept the same rate of wages as they have been getting, there would of course be employment for some of the present jobless. But this would mean that the whole burden of giving employment was being carried by the workers themselves. Wholly apart from the monstrous injustice of such an arrangement, the impossibility of it can be realized from the fact that recent factory payrolls, according to the figures of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, have been only 33 per cent as great as those in 1926. Employment of the whole labor force with such payrolls would give each workman almost exactly one third of his 1926 income. If, on the other hand, the attempt were made to retain the incomes of those at present employed by raising hourly wage rates by as much as their hours were reduced, most employers, who at present are already showing deficits, would be unable to stand any rise in unit costs, and might be compelled to shut down altogether.

A compulsory reduction in working hours, in short, would be irrelevant as a remedy for the present crisis. The belief that the present crisis is due to a general overproduction of goods, and that a compulsory reduction of the working week would cure this, is completely fallacious. There is no space to discuss the fallacy here. It is enough to point out that the wages of one group of workers is the purchasing power that enables them to buy the product of another group of workers; and as these wages are cut down by shorter hours, purchasing power will be cut down correspondingly. This is hardly a way to improve matters.

Direct government relief, it is obvious, is the only way of meeting the present unemployment crisis. But unemployment of some sort is continuous; the calculations of Paul H. Douglas show that in the thirty years from 1897 to 1926 there was an annual average unemployment of 10 per cent. The only sound way to take care of this "normal" unemployment is through compulsory unemployment insurance. As it will require in any case one or two years to build up the necessary reserves, the States should lose no further time in putting such insurance plans into effect.

There is no room here for a complete discussion of all the detailed problems that unemployment insurance raises. Those who are interested in such an account will find an admirable one in Professor Douglas's latest book, *Standards of Unemployment Insurance*. I shall, however, indicate the broad outlines that it seems to me advisable for any plan to follow. The backwardness of this country in adopting compulsory unemployment insurance has at least one compensation: it enables us to profit at the very beginning by Europe's experience and Europe's mistakes. The first lesson we ought to have learned thoroughly is that it is inadvisable to have the State contribute any part of the insurance premiums. The political pressure for increasing the State's contribution is constant and difficult to resist. The enormous sums we have been paying to war veterans, and are still paying even with the new Roosevelt reforms, have no parallel in Europe, and they indicate that our legislatures succumb much more easily to pressure of this sort than European legislatures do. It would be extremely unwise to make a beginning. All the State legislatures need do is to set up the necessary machinery and make the creation of unemployment reserves compulsory. Employers as a whole should be obliged to turn, say, an amount equal to 2 per cent of their weekly payrolls into the insurance fund, while 1 per cent should be contributed by the workers themselves. The American Federation of Labor, after not only ignoring but opposing unemployment insurance for many years, finally approved a plan which would call upon the employer to contribute the whole pre-

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mium. This seems highly undesirable, for several reasons. A fund to which only employers contributed might be inadequate, and would probably in any case be administered mainly by employers—an arrangement that would hardly be in the interests of labor. More important than this, it is essential for the health of such a plan that the workers should feel themselves to be partners in it. If only the employers contributed, the workers would naturally try to get as much out of the fund as possible, and would look indulgently upon those who were getting the benefits from it. But if the funds consisted partly of their own contributions, they would make real efforts to protect themselves from malingerers, and they would be much better able to detect cases of malingering than the employers. In addition to this great advantage, the workers, when they had contributed directly to the fund, would accept their unemployment benefits less as a charity and more as a right, with beneficial consequences to their sense of self-respect.

The unemployment benefit should probably be fixed at about ten dollars a week, though in no case would it seem advisable for it to exceed 50 per cent of the worker's regular wage: any higher amount would be a temptation to malingering. There should be a two or three weeks' waiting period after the worker is dropped before payments of benefits begin. Probably no insurance scheme of the type here indicated could continue to be solvent if it paid benefits to any one workman for more than about twenty weeks in a year. As a further protection for the funds, it might be provided that no individual worker could draw benefits for more than one-third the total number of weeks during which he had made contributions.

The State's relationship to unemployment insurance should be confined, first, to making it mandatory, secondly, to setting up the administrative machinery, and perhaps to paying all or part of the purely administrative expenses, and finally, to establishing State employment agencies. But what is to happen to those workers who have exhausted their benefits under the insurance plan? Here, perhaps, we cannot avoid falling back upon some form of State relief. It is obvious that this cannot be as large as the insurance benefits. The State can attempt little more than the payment of an amount sufficient for mere subsistence. If the amount were even as high as $5 a week it would involve at present, as we have already seen, the payment of the formidable sum of $3,380,000,000 a year, an amount which the actual payments of federal, state, local governments and private agencies all together have not remotely approached. It would be advisable to advance even these reduced payments in the form of quasi-loans. The distributions, in other words, should be made with the understanding that when the benefited individual found work again, 5 or 10 per cent of his weekly wages should be deducted for repayment to the relief fund of the amount he had received. Such deductions, however, regardless of the amount of the individual's debt to the relief fund, probably should never be demanded for a longer period than two years; the rest of the debt should be cancelled. It is not to be supposed that the government would be able to get back by this method all the relief funds it had paid out. It might not, in fact, get back more than half of them. But the refund would reduce just to that extent the strain on the budget. The loan system would have, in addition, a real psychological advantage. The feeling that the payment being received represented a loan rather than an outright dole would help to bolster the recipient's sense of independence and self-respect; and the feeling that he was running into debt would keep alive his incentive to get work as promptly as possible.

But the State would not completely fulfill its duty when it had made these payments. It should, in addition, make every effort to provide the unemployed with additional general education, with economic training, and with work. Unemployed workers who were still receiving insurance benefits might be invited either to join general adult educational classes, in English, mathematics, hygiene, economics, science, and literature, or classes in industrial and agricultural training, or they might be offered a small additional sum for working. Where the worker had contributed to the insurance fund there should be no attempt to make any of this compulsory. But when he had exhausted his insurance benefits, and was receiving the government relief payments, the situation would be changed. Here the government might make either class attendance or work obligatory. Its decision might to some extent depend upon the individual case. Always there will be some dying and shrinking industries, like the coal industry in England, where there can be no longer any real hope that most of those laid off will be re-absorbed. In these cases it will be necessary to train the discarded men in the industries and occupations that appear to be growing. Incidentally, such constant retraining would be equally necessary under either a capitalist or a communist system.

The work to which the unemployed should be put may be of various kinds. In general they should not be given work that competes with existing commercial enterprises or that threatens to displace workers already employed. But there is an enormous amount of work that does not fall into either of these classes. Workshops may be established, for example, and the men trained

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to make various objects and to exchange them with each other, or for agricultural products. This is the proposal of Professor Frank D. Graham of Princeton, and it has already been put into effect on a small scale here and there. Road-building and the elimination of grade crossings could also utilize a large amount of labor.

This brings us inevitably to President Roosevelt's so-called reforestation measure, to give work to an army of 250,000 men. It is an interesting experiment, and no full criticism can be offered of it until it has been thoroughly tested. It is essentially an imitation of the volunteer labor service originally organized in Germany under Doctor Bruening and expanded by von Papen. Oswald Garrison Villard tells us in *The German Phœnix* that in October, 1932, there were a million young people wandering through the streets of German cities and strolling over the highways with no means whatever of utilizing time, and that the volunteer labor service was organized with the primary purpose of giving work to them, and providing them with quarters, food, and a trifle in the way of pin money in return for their labor. They are engaged chiefly in public works like road-building, canals, and drainage projects. There has been considerable fear in German labor circles that these unpaid workers may degenerate into a sort of forced "convict" labor, to be used as another means of military training, and to change the hours and rates of pay of employed labor. Similar criticisms have already been made of the Roosevelt plan. Except as they apply to the provision of one year's "enlistment," such fears do not appear to have much substance. Certainly, however, the indicated scope of the new army's work—forestation, prevention of soil erosion, flood prevention, road repair—seems much too narrow.

The idea of "making work," simply for the sake of giving employment rather than for the sake of what is done, is a potentially dangerous one. The big-navy men have already taken advantage of it as an additional excuse to urge the building of more useless battleships that would be enormously expensive to maintain. There is too much to be done that desperately needs to be done. For example, while we are the richest country in the world, we are also one of the ugliest, and one of the most shamelessly housed. The intelligent foreign visitor is constantly struck by the temporary, jerry-built, ramshackle appearance of the vast majority of our towns and homes. Aldous Huxley, arriving in California (*circa* 1925) after a trip around the world, found the railway flanked by orange and lemon groves. He might almost have imagined himself in Italy. "But there were no churches, no huge pink villas among the cypresses, no castles on the hills. Nothing but wooden shanties and little brick dog kennels, dust heaps and oil-tanks and telegraph poles."

There is an enormous potential use for American labor, therefore, in the beautification (or at least in the de-uglification) of the countryside. Trees could be planted and cared for along automobile highways. Advertising sign-boards could be condemned and torn down. (We might make a beginning by at least putting a tax on these, and raising it each year until it became prohibitive.) Vacant lots could be cleared up. On the outskirts of practically every town and city in the nation there are lots heaped up with the rusty hulks of abandoned automobiles, with old tires, soiled newspapers, empty cans, bedsprings, mattresses, and broken bottles. Ingenuity and work can find ways to get rid of these, and perhaps, even, to grade the lots, seed them to grass, roll them, and keep the grass cut. Part of the cost of this could be charged against the holders of the lots. Again, on the outskirts of nearly every city and town there are dirty back yards, broken fences, and tumble-down shacks. The local authorities could decide in each case whether a shack should be put in repair and painted or whether it was so hopeless that it should be taken down entirely. If it were taken down and removed no charge would be made, but if it were repaired and painted at least part of the cost could be assessed against the property owner. Where shacks or decaying houses had to be destroyed, new and better ones, more livable as well as more presentable, could be built. It may be urged that in this case we begin to take possible work away from employed workmen, but this is more than doubtful. Those who live in the type of house that needs to be made presentable or torn down and rebuilt entirely almost never have the purchasing power to have such work done. Where the shacks are owned and rented out by a rich landlord—a mining company, for example—the full cost of the work may be assessed against the owner, to stand as a lien against the property until he pays it. In addition to this outskirt work, there is of course enormous opportunity for slum clearance and model housing in the heart of the cities.

This work, as I have said, should be made obligatory for the unemployed called to it. There is a simple way in which the government may do this. It may not have work constantly available for all the jobless, but they could be subject to call in rotation, as men are picked in a draft or for jury duty. If any healthy and able-bodied person receiving relief payments were called for work, and failed to appear, he would forfeit his right to further payments. If he came, but "soldiered" on the job, he would run the risk of having his payments suspended for a week or two. If he did work satisfactorily, however, he would receive during the time he worked some increase in payments. Further, nothing more than part-time work should be required of him: he should have either two or three days a week free, or his mornings or afternoons, so that it would always be possible

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for him to look for other work. This entire program, of course, could not be put into effect unless the federal government received the full co-operation of local communities.

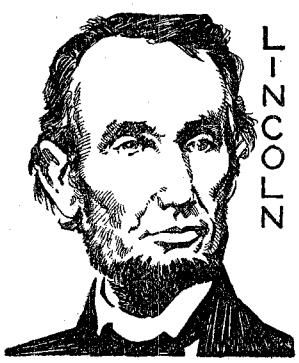
And so our labor program must begin with an immediate outright relief program on a scale that our consciences have so far been too callous to contemplate. Thirteen million jobless and their families must be kept alive, and as long as we are providing under present circumstances direct relief of less than $3,000,000,000 a year we cannot feel that we have done our plainest duty. Our second step must be to initiate unemployment insurance plans, even though these cannot begin to make payments for a year or two. Our third direct step must be to provide special employment—not through "great public works" as that phrase is ordinarily used (in which it seems to imply the erection of more needless government office buildings with Greek porticos) but rather work in the nature of better housing and countryside de-uglification that would affect the life of the common man. The Roosevelt forestation army is only a first step in this direction. But more important for the unemployed and for those still working than any plan dealing directly with the problems, or all such plans put together, are measures such as tariff readjustment, and devaluation of the world's gold currencies, which would restore general prosperity and permit men to return to their normal employments.

Jefferson and the New Deal

By Dumas Malone

Has Franklin D. Roosevelt departed from the historic principles of the Democratic party in advocating large grants of power to the Chief Executive? Mr. Malone, editor of the Dictionary of American Biography, analyzes brilliantly the current situation in terms of the two great traditional American philosophies of government.

THE party that has enshrined Thomas Jefferson as its patron saint is now in office, more firmly established at the moment than it has been since the Civil War. Yet the new President, in his spectacular leadership at a time of national crisis, is little reminiscent of the first of his party line, who was so resentful of energetic government and so reluctant in the exercise of authority. Franklin D. Roosevelt in action may remind one of his immediate Democratic predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, pressing his first program of reform; he may remind one of Alexander Hamilton, establishing the credit of the new government; he bears little resemblance to Jefferson the executive. The first criticisms that were directed against him might have emanated from Jefferson himself. It was said that State banks were being sacrificed to national, that legislative functions were being transferred to the executive, that the President was becoming a dictator.



Such criticisms, faint at first, will be made again, and not solely by members of the Opposition. Their vigor and effectiveness will depend upon the spirit in which the President exercises peace-time powers that are unexampled and that would have horrified the Sage of Democracy. Paradoxical though it may seem, the success of the "new deal" is contingent upon the employment of un-Jeffersonian methods and powers in a spirit that is akin to, if not identical with, that of Jefferson. In critical circumstances an American President must act with the fearless, precedent-breaking decisiveness of a Hamilton, as the Democratic Wilson did; he must be steeped in the fundamental, if not the incidental, philosophy of Jefferson, as the Republican Lincoln was. Only in such a combination lies the promise of both strength and safety.

That the times require a Jeffersonian Hamilton or a Hamiltonian Jefferson might be shocking news to both those early rivals, but neither of them ought to complain if a leader should synthesize the best qualities of each and discard the worst. To most competent observers the Prophet of Democracy has seemed the

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greater man of the two. As his vision was more far-reaching, so has his fame been more enduring; in diversity of genius, Franklin alone of our public men can be compared with him; and the passing years have confirmed his title as our major prophet. By the general public, only Washington and Lincoln, who symbolize the founding and the preservation of the Union, are preferred to him. Yet, while his mind was bold, his nature was almost feminine in its sensitiveness; he abhorred crises and controversies; and his greatness was never that of a commander, either in war or in adversity. His famous rival loved the din of battle and, more than any other American, symbolizes government in action. Hamilton was insufficiently mindful of ultimate ends, and because of his hard realism he has never become a great popular hero. He has never been the idol of common men, whom he scorned, but rather of militarists, industrialists, and bankers, and of men who value power for its own sake. There is need now for such a sword as his, but it should be wielded under a nobler banner, to which no select group, but a whole people, can rally.

Mr. Roosevelt has followed Jeffersonian precedent most notably in inaugurating a régime of social informality, but he has imparted a contagious geniality that is peculiarly his own. The correspondents, and even the White House policemen, are beaming now. He has shown himself to be a politician of consummate skill, but here also he is probably not following anybody but merely being himself. He has appealed to the people at large, and will appeal again, using a medium not available to the founder of his party, and with greater directness than that statesman would have been capable of, for Jefferson's ways were devious. Except in this extremely limited sense, the new President has not drawn upon the arsenal of Jeffersonian practice. It is just as well that he has not, for the weapons that are stored there are essentially defensive in their nature. They were forged during successive struggles against what Jefferson regarded as tyranny—of British overlords prior to the Revolution, of aristocrats and "monarchists" in the new government under the Constitution. They were, and still are, best adapted to the protection of minorities against oppression.

Appeals to "natural rights" or to rigid constitutional guarantees, suspicious scrutiny of the conduct of all rulers, insistence upon the sharp separation of powers in order that the danger of oppression may be minimized: these were, have always been, and probably always will be, characteristic of the party of opposition and of isolated individual protestors. Such weapons were used by the enfeebled Federalists when their arch-foe was himself in the presidential office; during the Civil War they were used by individual Southern states against the President of the Confederacy; they were employed by the Republicans against Woodrow Wilson. They will be drawn against Franklin D. Roosevelt unless by incredibly happy chance he should aggrieve no considerable minority, or his geniality should disarm all his critics; but there is no reason why he as President should have recourse to them. They are unsuited to an aggressive war against depression, or anything else save tyranny.

That Jefferson's armory contained few offensive weapons was made apparent during his own relatively inglorious periods of executive control, when negativeness proved not only inadequate but positively disastrous. As governor of Virginia during the Revolution he was patriotic, laborious, conscientious, and at the same time a rigid constitutionalist. In the end, he followed the legislators in flight before the British redcoats (there being absolutely nothing else to do) and confessed his impotence by virtually abdicating his office. That he was eventually able to rebuild his shattered prestige was a tribute to his genius and his extraordinary public usefulness in other lines; it is no proof that he was an effective governor.

As President, a score of years later, he took a few, but not enough, leaves from the book of experience. Most of the time he managed Congress sufficiently well by indirect methods. Self-consciously and shame-facedly he allowed his constitutional scruples to be disregarded, and thus achieved the greatest triumph of his presidency in the purchase of Louisiana. His second executive venture was in many ways beneficent, but it ended in his own humiliation. He witnessed the failure of his Embargo, which had required galling negative heroism on the part of a suffering people, and retired to Monticello convinced that nature intended him for the tranquil pursuits of science, in which he took such infinite delight. There have been many worse Presidents than he, as there have been many that were luckier, but no wise man would set him up as a model of executive action, even in less critical times than these.

Hamilton, of course, was never president. Had he been, he would probably have overreached himself, for power to him was intoxicating. Such a philosophy and practice of class-rule as his, such a contempt for the stupidity of the lesser orders of mankind, would in our day lead straight to Fascism. Yet an energetic central government, of which he is the classic American exponent, is now an absolute necessity. Executive negativeness would be as disastrous now as it would have been when the Constitution became effective, for chaos would be the result. Our greatest Presidents have been leaders not followers of Congress, for that unwieldy body, whatever uses it may and does have in the safeguarding of a multitude of local interests, cannot lead.

Theodore Roosevelt saw this and broadened the field of executive action, though his big stick rarely suc-

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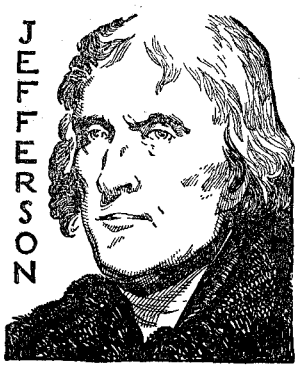

ceeded in really coercing Congress. The necessity of presidential leadership was most clearly perceived by Woodrow Wilson. The public remembers him chiefly as the writer of diplomatic notes and the unsuccessful champion of a new world order, but in furthering legislation he far surpassed the first Roosevelt and all the rest of his predecessors. For his legislative achievements, before the World War deflected his course, there is only one analogy in American history; that was furnished by Hamilton during his first months as secretary of the treasury. Colonel House wrote in his diary on April 15, 1914: "I asked [Wilson] whom he considered the greatest man in the early days of the Republic. He thought Alexander Hamilton was easily the ablest." The analogy does not appear to have been accidental. However idealistic Wilson may have been in philosophy, he followed Hamilton more closely in method than any other President had done, and more than any other President he brought things to pass. He sought to be, and for six years was, prime minister. During the war he was practically a dictator. After he was stricken, of course, he accomplished nothing and the government floundered in a morass of negation, while tyrants of repression thronged the land.

If it be true, as on the whole it seems to be, that Wilson employed Hamiltonian means in the effort to attain Jeffersonian ends, precisely the reverse may be said of his Republican successors. The assertion that Harding and Coolidge were Hamiltonian in philosophy may well be questioned, for neither of these extremely practical politicians has often been accused of being at all philosophical. Neither of them would have dreamed of denying the wisdom or the importance of the common man, as Hamilton did; like all the rest of the politicians they did lip-service to the forms of political democracy. It cannot be seriously questioned, however, that one cardinal tenet of the Hamiltonian faith survived in the conservative Republicanism of their school, namely, the attachment of strong financial interests to the government. By viewing with unchallenging complacency the rise of a financial oligarchy, they proved themselves spiritual descendants of Hamilton, who frankly assumed that wealth carries with it wisdom and that the dominance of wealth is inevitable.

Whatever excuses may be made for the White House, there can be no question that the Hamiltonian philosophy of class-rule has dominated the citadels of finance which, until their recent abject capitulation, commanded the nation. A modern rationalization of this philosophy has been the doctrine that prosperity will trickle down from the top. While it was trickling, Harding and Coolidge were nothing if not negative. The results, direct or indirect, of their policy of letting things alone were plutocracy and speculative orgy. Thus did the worst fruits of the Hamiltonian philosophy follow the employment of a worse than Jeffersonian method. In the light of the boom era, both those early statesmen would probably mark themselves "subject to revision."

Mr. Hoover, who was probably more imbued with the philosophy of business than either of his immediate predecessors and who had vastly more initiative than either as an administrator, inherited a tradition of executive negativeness that proved to be a curse. Discovering at length that one cannot drift with an outgoing tide, he made more positive efforts than either Harding or Coolidge had made, but these synchronized with the waning of his power and prestige and proved relatively ineffective. He was in a sense a victim of a system, or rather of the worse features of two systems.

It begins to appear that Mr. Roosevelt has read his history with greater discrimination. Confronting an unparalleled condition and disregarding theory for the moment, he has marched in boots that would be large even for Wilson and Hamilton. As he falls into a more measured stride, it will be easier to determine whither he is moving. At all events, he has dealt the policy of negation a stunning blow, if not the coup de grâce. If the dictatorial rôle is to be continued, he has distinct temperamental and psychological advantages. He is not imperious like Hamilton; he seeks counsel more freely than Wilson did and gives the impression of greater geniality. In temperament he does not seem a tyrant. He promises to be humane as well as dynamic; he may prove to be a revivified Jefferson, without his paralyzing inhibitions. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will.

Undoubtedly, he long ago discovered that the term "Jeffersonian philosophy" has been very loosely used. It is so certain to be loosely used again, in Congress and elsewhere, that one may well inquire what it really means. In the strict sense, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia statute for religious freedom was not a political philosopher. He was a philosophic statesman and a lifelong student, but he was less interested in speculation than has commonly been supposed, and he has left no systematic treatise on government. Indeed, from his innumerable writings, almost all of them occasional, one can prove almost anything, as one can from the Bible. Unscrupulous persons as well as idealists can quote him for their purposes. Since his name has been invoked by men as sincere and dissimilar as Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, since it may be invoked again,

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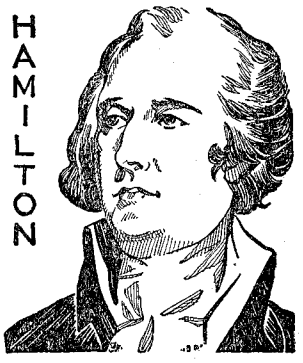
let us say, by Huey Long and William E. Borah, it is important that his fundamental convictions be separated from his incidental opinions.

His basic ideas about government were by no means original with him (some of them, indeed, he termed self-evident), but many of them were clothed by him with immortal phrases and in America at least they have always been identified with his name. With him, the supreme test of any government is the purpose it serves; no form is an end in itself. Government is merely a means to human well-being, and its benefits should extend to all, not to special and favored groups. Revolution had for him no terrors; indeed, he regarded it as desirable whenever the prime aims of a particular government are not attained. Men should be absolutely equal before the law, entirely free in conscience and in the expression of opinion. Artificial aristocracies of birth and wealth should not be tolerated, but every effort should be made to develop a natural aristocracy of talent and virtue. Given freedom and popular education, this would rise, he thought, as cream does in the jug.

Here is not so much a body of doctrine as a faith, essentially timeless, inspiriting to democrats, liberals, and progressives in any age, however they may differ from one another in practical program. His classic statement of the essential ends of government has never been successfully challenged, though it has been ridiculed by cynics and has always been unpalatable to bureaucrats, chauvinists, vested interests, and temperamental conservatives. It is now so trite that it is commonplace, but there is plenty of dynamite in it still; in any age, beneficiaries of an unjust economic and social order would do well to keep it in the background. Above all else, Jefferson's philosophy insists on human values and calls for change, even to the point of revolution, when such values have been forgotten or flagrantly disregarded. It is no wonder that he has never been a favorite of the money-changers, and that the unfortunate have ever regarded him as their champion. There can be no question that, if he were living now, he would demand a new and a fairer deal.

Many of the incidental opinions advanced by him, with no little exaggeration, during his long years of struggle against tyranny and privilege were proved inadequate when he himself came into power and have little present value to any one except the obstructionist. In order that men should be left free to work out their own salvation, he felt that all government must be kept weak and hedged about with legal limitations.



In order that no power should become overweening, he felt that authority must be divided. Local units—the state, the county, the ward—should be emphasized; legislative and executive functions should be sharply separated. Here he was dealing, not so much with ends, but, as has already been suggested, with means and methods. If he were living today he would probably say that local opinion should prevail in such local matters as remain. He would probably oppose national prohibition, and deplore the standardizing tendencies of the time. He would unquestionably condemn all infringements of civil liberties, whether in war or peace.

It is, however, almost impossible to imagine his being complacent when doctrines of state rights are advanced in order to perpetuate the *status quo* in any of its many unwholesome aspects, or when predatory interests take advantage of division of authority to exploit the individual citizen, whom only a strong government can now protect. The Sage of Monticello was enough of a prophet to fear the rise of industrialism, but he could hardly have been expected to anticipate corporations so vast as to tyrannize the government itself and make a mockery of freedom. Since he never saw a radio, a telegraph, a telephone, an airplane, an automobile, or even a locomotive, he could hardly have been expected to foresee the development of modern communication and transportation, which have all but obliterated state lines and made practically all major problems national, even international. To combat new tyrannies, his flexible mind would probably devise new methods. Such an architect as he might be captivated with the idea of economic and social planning, but he would dislike Bolshevism as well as Fascism and would doubtless seek some middle way, offering greater freedom to the individual. He would still be fearful of grants of power, even for the advancement of his beloved agriculture or for the opening up of clogged channels of world trade. He would undoubtedly issue grave warnings of possible abuse, but, given the circumstances, I think he would bestow his apostolic blessing on Franklin D. Roosevelt, as the new President buckles on his Hamiltonian sword.

Next month — John T. Flynn on "American Revolution: 1933 Model"

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Betrayal in American Education

By Howard Mumford Jones

A stirring protest against the superficial professionalism of modern education. The politics of pedagogy, declares Doctor Jones, has delivered American education into the hands of "experts" who deal in methods rather than substance and have sacrificed disciplined thinking for a mess of "life situations" and sugar-coated nostrums.

THE development of American educational theory and practice has landed us in a dilemma: we are attempting to train young America toward general thinking by methods which are wholly or mainly specific and immediate. Because we have no real philosophy of education, but only an intricate machine managed by educational "experts," the vast expenditures of the American people for schools and colleges do not produce effective intellectual results. Because of the well-nigh complete administrative control of the public schools by educationalists, criticism is stifled, or, if made vocal, is amateurish and easily smothered. Lacking an acute philosophical critique, we find it impossible to cut a clean path toward sanity and good sense through the complex, but essentially meaningless, vocabulary of the teachers' colleges, the normal institutes and the superintendents' offices; and yet it is precisely these agencies which have betrayed us. They have betrayed us by a frank surrender to the national impulse toward, and admiration of, techniques, when the purpose of a sound educational philosophy is, or should be, to consider ends.

As we cannot fully understand the betrayal of American education unless we understand the weakness of a philosophy of immediacy, it is first necessary to understand what is meant by our preoccupation with the specific. Fortunately, it is simple enough to make this latter clear. All we have to do is to turn to almost any typical expression of American culture.

If, for example, we select so characteristic an expression of our civilization as the women's club, we note the increasing appeal of the utilitarian. Fifty years ago the Browning Society and the Shakespeare Club were alive, and, humorous as their procedures sometimes were, they at least tried to find out what Shakespeare and what Browning mean. Today the characteristic activity of such groups is some form of social service; and there is a general feeling that a women's club is more likely to be sincere and effective in maintaining a baby clinic than it is in study programs devoted to a superficial survey of Renaissance art. I do not defend shallowness, but I am interested in the tendency toward the specific.

Again, one of the remarkable successes in publishing has been the "outline" books. Such surveys are not new, but their recent commercial success has been unprecedented, and even more interesting is the seriousness with which they have been received. Take for example a chemist employed by a great corporation in research work. We know that such a man cannot succeed by any such uncritical approach to chemistry as the "outline" book represents in philosophy or art; yet not only are we not surprised to learn that a chemist is "reading up" in such a book, but we regard him as a chemist with some pretensions to culture because he does so. I have no complaint because industrial chemistry pays and the reading of Plato does not; my interest is in the relative values given to specific activity and abstract idea.

One can multiply instances from the whole range of American life. Tariff-making is, or ought to be, a problem for trained economists; our present situation shows what happens when the warnings of economists are ignored; but the tariff is a local issue still—that is to say, something determined by warring particularistic interests instead of being determined broadly and scientifically. The recurrence of a presidential election is, or ought to be, an opportunity to weigh the claims of opposing political philosophies, but the capacity for political philosophy—for making general distinctions—has so disappeared from public life it is impossible to say what either major party stands for; and one has but to contrast the absence of real issues in the recent campaign with the fundamental conflict between Federalism and States' rights which once divided the country, to see how far we have drifted. Again, it is impossible to say what theological ideas most Protestant churches represent, although Roman Catholicism, which rests upon a set of general ideas, is in contrast perfectly definite in its doctrine. And the point is not the rightness of Roman Catholicism or the wrongness of Protestantism; the point is the steadily diminishing function of general ideas in the life of the American people.

Now it may be argued that the passing of the ability

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to make general distinctions means only that, as general terms lose truth, they are discarded. Such an explanation is sometimes advanced to explain the vagueness of Protestantism, the lack of interest in States' rights, and the disappearance of the dyed-in-the-wool party man. But theological vagueness is theological suicide; problems of unemployment relief and of prohibition show that the States' rights issue is far from dead; and if party members stood steadfast for a political program politics might have meaning.

There is, of course, much to be said for the pragmatic American method. But as nobody questions its triumphs, it is important to dwell upon its weaknesses. And the weaknesses of our national habit of pragmatism (precisely the weaknesses which education should correct) are what bewilder and perplex both us and our critics. The European admires our engineering brilliance, but the European critic tends to the belief that when the American thinks, he is a child.

Do not these samplings of the national culture—the women's club with its baby clinic, the "outline" book, the breakdown of Protestantism, the meaninglessness of our political parties, the absurdities of tariff-making—do they not, I say, all point in one direction? Great as the American achievement is in certain spheres, it is characteristically weak in the realm of general ideas. Since this is our weakness, it should be the business of education to correct it. But education, or rather the educational "experts," merely push us further in the direction we ought not to go.

II

Under the barrage of a vast and shallow literature—books, magazines, graphs, speeches, mimeographed outlines, reports—the assault goes forward. We may see the results at almost any level of our whole educational system. The American elementary school has wholly adopted the philosophy of the specific—of means rather than ends. "Experts" have discovered the obvious fact that pictures appeal; and under the guise of visual education are training children to assume that nothing need attract their minds unless it be pictorial. They have discovered the obvious truth that children like to play; and under the guise of "creative dramatization" they are leading children to assume that nothing has value unless it has emotional appeal. They have discovered the obvious idea that children like to make things; and with sand piles and blocks and imitation grocery stores and paper dolls dressed like the ancient Romans, they naturally induce the idea in the children that it is only the specific, the particular, the concrete that matters.

No one who has not kept up with the vast output of educational "theory" can be aware how intellectual content for its own sake is disappearing from the curriculum. Ancillary subjects which once led in the direction of a philosophical training have been "improved" and enfeebled. There is almost no room for rigorous training in mere ideas. The study of grammar—and grammar is a form of logic—has mostly disappeared, being replaced by "word study," "learning to read," "appreciation," "oral English," and classes devoted to the dramatization of short stories and the clipping of poems out of magazines. I know one "progressive" Western school system wherein eighth-grade arithmetic is merely optional; physical training, however, is required. The building in miniature of Cæsar's bridge over the Rhine is advanced pedagogy, but the parsing of Cæsar's verbs is deplored on the theory that making toys "interests" the child more than do the dreary and formidable rules of Latin syntax. In truth, our public schools are being riddled with the ideology of the specific—if a word connoting ideas can be truthfully applied to what is primarily sensory in its appeal.

Fed on this soft food, the high-school graduate who enters college naturally exhibits that interest in the immediate, the practical, the "do-able" which has led to overemphasis upon vocational instruction, "practical" courses, and laboratory techniques. The undergraduate is characteristically happier tinkering with the insides of a gas engine than he is studying Emerson. In truth, when we broaden our view, we find that the liberal arts are becoming mere feeders to vocational and scientific courses, however adroitly we disguise the facts; that the educationalists are already assaulting the professor in the humanities because he has not been "professionally trained" in a school of education, and that courses in "commercial English," "the psychology of advertising," and similar specific nostrums have become too commonplace to attract more than sardonic attention from those who fear that the vocationalist and the pedagog will conquer.

III

Does all this seem a far cry from intricate questions of international co-operation, the breakdown of religion, and our political indifference? I think not. Rather, we see at the two ends of the scale the cause and the result. The belief that we can somehow get along by dodging general ideas is characteristic of our national life, and the belief that general ideas do not matter is characteristic of our "progressive" school system. And if I say that the educationalists have betrayed us, it is because the results of a half-century of victimization at their hands are but too visible. The shoddy thinking of our democracy, the national disrespect for a general law, the infantile appeal of bright-colored magazines in our street stands, the inability of public men to be coherent—sometimes to be even literate—the failure of our churches to know what they stand for, the unwillingness of American business to look beyond invention to

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use—such is the gigantic harvest. In the last decades the adult population of the United States has been for the first time mainly the product of school systems dominated by the educational "expert" and his theory.

This theory arose primarily as a counter-movement to the theory of childhood we associate with Calvinism. The Calvinist theory long dominated American education. It held that a child was possessed by a corrupt and sinful will which must be curbed or broken in the interests of the higher values of civilization. In uncritical opposition to the Calvinist theory modern educationalists have effected a simple transfer of sinfulness to the parent, a being of such corrupting influence that one of the major businesses of some "progressive" schools is to guard against his contaminating influence. Educationalists argue that, because shades of the prison house begin to close about the growing boy, the growing boy must be made the criterion of the educational nourishment of the race. The practical working out of this fallacy is seen in the uncritical specificality of modern education—wherein discipline in arithmetical logic is replaced by "meaningful experience in life situations," and children are set to play at keeping a corner grocery store in the dim hope that "experience" will arouse in their little hearts a desire to master the multiplication table. But if the multiplication table is learned thus at all, it is learned in terms of indirection; and when we multiply the departments of thought and realize that in each the child is trained to shun direct attacks upon an intellectual problem, we begin to see why, as a nation, we do not think analytically. As a matter of remote truth the educationalist may admit there is no royal road to learning, but he has managed to make a primrose pathway of that part of the road he controls.

In truth, "the child" of the educationalists is as strange and artificial a construct as the Calvinist theory of boyhood, a figment built by the sheer intellectual confusion of the "experts." Denying the psychological possibility of disciplinary subjects, they have confused the issue by declaring that education is not preparation for life, but is living "meaningful experiences in life situations." The "interest" of "the child" has been consulted, but not his future; and in the name of a free development of meaningful experiences they have in fact substituted an adolescent wish-fulfillment for that rigorous discipline which alone will permit modern man to survive. Because appeal to the senses is immediate and easy, they have assumed that to stimulate "interest" is to insure development. This, however, is to confuse simple curiosity with learning. Learning implies content as well as skills, but the educationalists, pleased with a mastery of skills, do not see that they have emptied their program of content.

Doubtless the educationalist, if he should read this, will be ready with his charts, his psychology books, and his mental measurements to prove that we are progressing. There was much in the old curriculum that was wasteful, and I do not deny that the public schools have become cheerier and brighter places than once they were. But I am not certain that cheeriness is proof of progress toward the control of our complicated civilization—toward that mastery of the past, that education in fundamental significances, that intellectual rigor which America so desperately needs.

Let us watch the educationalist at work. The class in history in an upper grade of a certain "progressive" school had taken the whole sweep of human progress from the Neanderthal man to Ford for its subject. In Egyptian history—to which they devoted a few weeks—they collected pictures of the pyramids, wrote stories to show how the Egyptians lived, and made colored dolls and costumed them. Asked *when* these fascinating people lived, asked whether the long panorama of Egyptian history divided into significant periods, asked whether these periods were decades or centuries long, they could not answer. That was "dates"—and intellectual precision. Nor did they know much at the end of the course about the relative periods of the civilizations thus blithely surveyed. Rameses, Cæsar, and Charles Darwin were simply figures living indefinitely in a past inhabited by their contemporaries, Queen Elizabeth, and General Pershing.

Now it may be argued (and the educationalists do so argue) that it really makes no difference whether an American pupil can date the Hyksos Kings. But the point is surely not "dates." It is orderly thinking, it is the development of chronological perspective, it is training in the profound truth that everything in the past is in significant order, with all that this implies for the temporal struggles of humanity—here is the real issue. For the child whose vagueness about the Egyptians is thus cheerfully condoned becomes the undergraduate with no comprehension of the past of the Western world, who in turn becomes the American adult with no comprehension of the American republic in terms of its history, its traditions, or its ideology. Is it not true that the only dates familiar to thousands of "educated" Americans are those of the first voyage of Columbus, the Declaration of Independence, the Civil War, and a blurred impression of the chronology of the World War?

IV

The sins of the educationalists must be partially shared by the laboratory scientists. At the high school and college levels instruction in science is characteristically composed of lectures on the elements of the subject and of laboratory practice in solving problems, usually in the proportion of two or more hours of laboratory to one of lectures. The beginning student has to

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master a technical vocabulary and the tools of the laboratory, and though at the start the lecturer honestly tries to show the relation of his specialty to the scheme of things, the course develops in fact as a series of specific problems. The student is soon absorbed in solving these problems. That portion of the lectures which has meaning for him is the part which explains what he does in the laboratory. The preparation of a laboratory notebook becomes his absorbing interest.

No one would argue that the laboratory method is not an improvement over the old textbook course in "natural philosophy." I think, too, that the best science teachers earnestly desire to teach not merely techniques, but values, and try to communicate the meaning of chemistry or biology or physics. But the student's concern is with a series of specific laboratory problems; and when we add to the first course in chemistry the other scientific courses which are required; when we add the advanced courses the student is sure to elect; when we add the fact that the student's contact with scientists in the laboratory is mainly with the assistants rather than with scientists of broad philosophical outlook, we see why science pushes the student farther and farther in the direction of specific thinking. The results are revealed in the open scorn of engineering students and their kind for humane letters and philosophy—in short, for general values. And when the undergraduate becomes the graduate student in science, in medicine, in engineering, the laboratory becomes his nightmare and his home; and even if he should want time to read and to reflect, the crushing burden of his technological preparation prevents him because it robs him of energy and leisure.

The situation in the sciences, however, is better than it is in the field of professional educational theory and the public schools. Scientific training is rigorous, and however weak its disciple may be in general ideas, he is at least aware that superficiality in his field means failure. Moreover, the better sort of scientists are increasingly concerned for the narrowing effects of too much specialization, and are broadening their curriculum by requiring students to take courses in the humane subjects.

Unfortunately the requirement comes late. Trained from the public school in the ideology of the specific, the college student interested in science views the requirements in non-scientific subjects as hurdles to be jumped instead of as organic parts of the education of a scientific mind; he is characteristically impatient with literature, with ethics, with philosophy because these are not science—that is, not susceptible of a specific technique; wherefore, by the time he has really got into his scientific career, this external application of humane subjects drops from him because it was never absorbed. If gas engines seem to the freshman of greater importance than Luther, it is because he has come out of a gas-engine education—an education in the specific.

Alarmed at the incorrigible specificality of undergraduates, college authorities have tried in recent years to extend the effort at cure by the creation of broad "survey" courses intended to acquaint the student with the human past and with the philosophy of fields of knowledge. Constructed as an offset to increasing specialization, these courses have sometimes helped the undergraduate to a focal point of view. But they do not really strike at the difficulty. Characteristically, such courses exhibit the defects of the high-school class in ancient history I have described: by attempting to take in the whole sweep of human history in one year they mostly leave the undergraduate in the confused state of mind of which I have complained. Survey courses fundamentally are simply a novelty in technique rather than a frontal attack upon error; and the difference between lectures to huge classes on world history or social development, and the careful communication of value and knowledge in a particular field is not strikingly in favor of curricular gigantism. The college of liberal arts will be improved, not by novelties of procedure, but by the deep conviction that philosophy and thinking really matter to the world.

V

This analysis has been gloomy, but I believe it is justified by the facts. It may now be asked, If we believe that some profound reform is needed in American education, what changes should be made? The need of reducing taxes has led many communities to search the school budget; and the present is a good time to take stock of the situation. Much of this reduction in school appropriations has been ill-advised, and some of it well-nigh suicidal, but it is a healthy thing, perhaps, for the educationalists to discover how much of their pedagogical apparatus the people can do without.

But even though the question of reform is timely, no easy remedy can be found. The failure of various well-meant efforts after new formulas is evidence that the situation is too subtle and complicated for phrases; yet the fact that this or that reform has been ineffective does not prove that no disease exists. Moreover, if one speaks of the need of a "new spirit" in education, or of the need of truly progressive schools, the phrase is seized by the educationalists and becomes one of the cant terms of the profession. I have no "plan" to put forward. After watching the rise and fall of "the five formal steps," "the method of the recitation," "the project method," "learning by doing," and a hundred other pet pedagogical phrases, one becomes weary of terms and wary of "plans."

One or two matters seem reasonably clear. The first is that the American nation needs to be awakened to the deficiencies of their teachers' colleges and normal

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schools in content, and to the alarming multiplication of courses in technological educational gadgets in these institutions. The educationalist does lip service to the necessity of making the teacher master of his subject, but as a matter of cold fact it is entirely possible, and it is often true, that the graduate of a normal school or teachers' college is licensed to teach for life though he have the meagerest knowledge of the material he is to teach. His training, however, in "educational psychology," "methods," "tests and measurements," and similar elaborate and futile courses has been extensive. Unfortunately, when he faces his first class, he finds that these fade away as the mist, and that his class, with the cruel candor of youth, judges him by his ability to show a mastery of his subject.

It would be a revelation to the average citizen if he would read, as an example of what has happened in "education," the program of courses offered in any school or department of education during any summer term—a period when, because teachers are free to attend college, the educationalist is in his element. The amazed parent will discover a bewildering variety of courses in *how* things ought to be done, but he will look long among these offerings for much interest in *what* is to be taught. The situation is open and notorious, and accounts for the hopelessness which many professors of the liberal arts feel with respect to the whole "professionalization" of education.

A second, and more difficult, matter is the fact that the educationalists have captured most of the strategic points in the American school systems. The public reverences the expert; and when the local school board wants professional advice it naturally listens with respect to the professor of pedagogy. Desiring the best for their children, the people have placed the "trained" educationalist in the superintendent's office; they have chosen him principal of the high school; they have urged their teachers in the direction of professional training; they have supported normal colleges and the like; and they have placed on the statute books laws suggested by the educationalists requiring an increasing amount of "professional" preparation from the teachers. At least half of all this is futile and unnecessary.

The result is an insoluble problem. No one desires untrained teachers. No one denies that the level of good teaching has been lifted by the insistence upon some professional preparation. The joker lies in the fact that the educationalist has been the sole judge of what constitutes "professional" training. No one has been in a position to oppose him authoritatively because he and his kind occupy all the positions of power. The fortress is well-nigh impregnable against the irritated mother who visits the nursery school and finds, to her mirth and resentment, a "professionally trained" teacher instructing her in how to run her household, and against the professor of history who vainly fights further inroads upon the time of history students by "required courses in education." What might be called the politics of pedagogy is one of the most closely organized systems in the country, extending from great teachers' colleges filled with students required by law (a law passed at the instigation of the educationalists) to be there, down to the adoption of elementary textbooks in a village school. The educationalists have had the astonishing triumph of completely dominating a universe of their own.

Despite the smothered protests of teachers, sick and weary of the professional emptiness which have been forced upon them, the official system is triumphant. Half the graduates of the training courses are in revolt against the "training," but inasmuch as their jobs depend upon more important members of the hierarchy, they cannot make effective complaints. One who believes that there is much that needs to be changed or eliminated in this "training" but who has not himself been educated in a teachers' college, finds his comments met by the bland argument that he is not a student of psychology, or that his own teaching is bad, or that a questionnaire sent to his students reveals grave deficiencies in his personal appearance. Legislatures, moreover, naturally accept the representations of the educationalists at their face value, and college administrators find themselves hamstrung by the fact that schools or departments of education demand and receive parity in the university with the school of law, the medical school, and the college of liberal arts.

There can be little hope of amendment until the American people see through the superficial professionalism of most of our teacher training, and demand that their schools shall be put in charge, not merely of "professional" educationalists, but of trained and cultivated men. They have a right to demand an accounting of the enormous sums they have spent at the instigation of the educationalists for the training of their children. Accepting gratefully the benefits of some modern methods in the school room, they have also a right sternly to inquire whether their children are being prepared and disciplined for the modern world. Those who believe that knowledge can be effectively communicated only by persons who know their subjects and who are prepared to communicate what they know with enthusiasm, must refuse to yield more time to the insatiable demand for training in superficial methodology. The public-school teacher must be freed from the immense burden of paper work which educational machinery has heaped upon her, so that she can herself live as a human being. And above all, we must steadily demand that the primary business of American education is clear thinking and accurate information, and be put off with nothing less. How else is our civilization to survive?

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Men Are Queer That Way

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN APOSTATE WOMAN PHYSICIAN

By Mabel S. Ulrich

April 4, 1904.

S. AND I have decided to get married next year when we get through medicine. Of course we shall be fearfully poor at first, but as long as we are both going to work we shall make twice as much money as we could alone, and anyway we don't care. I told him I didn't know a thing about housekeeping, and he said why should I? That he could see no more reason for a woman's liking cooking and dishwashing than for a man's liking them. That since our education had been precisely similar, we are starting out exactly even, therefore there would be no justice at all in my having to do all the "dirty work"—although of course we both agree with Tolstoy that *all* manual work is honorable. So we have decided that one week I shall take over all the duties connected with the running of our house and the next week he will. Of course we are going to have an office together and be partners in every sense of the word. I was so happy I couldn't speak. Then after a long time we talked about our children. We are going to divide up the care of the children exactly as we divide the housework.

Sept. 23, 1905.

It is no go. We have given up the 50–50 housekeeping plan. We tried for a month but by the end of one week I knew. S. is a fearful mess as a housekeeper. Horribly expensive chops and steaks every day. Could *never* remember the laundry. Got furious if distracted Maggie called him at the office to ask what he wanted for dessert. And then of course he is busy and I am not. I have to laugh when I think how scared I was before we were married lest I might be the more successful at the start! Would he mind? I even asked

him that, and he swore he would be proud. Well, you are perfectly safe, my dear S.! I have sat in that damned office for three months without a real call. Of course there are the hospital and dispensary, but I haven't made a cent. Today a woman came to the house and asked for the lady doctor. I was at the hospital but S. was in. Would she see him? Well—her little boy had broken his leg and she wanted the "lady" because she would be cheaper. When assured that the price would be the same she was delighted that after all she could have "a real doctor."

June 5, 1907.

Twenty-five today—a quarter of a century old. A doctor, a wife, and a mother—yet I don't seem to have learned anything. Am just as mixed up as ever. Tried staying awake last night to see if I could size things up a bit. But it was no use. Got as far as—Let me see, what do I honestly think of this state called marriage? Decided that I love my husband—that my daughter is undoubtedly an incipient genius and a beauty to boot—then remembered that I forgot to tell Alma that S. wants his bacon crisper, and that all S.'s buttons are off his pajamas, that I must send in the next payment on the washing-machine, that we simply must have Dr. and Mrs. S. to dinner one night this week—that I must find out what that greedy Miss L. is eating to keep her blood sugar up, that I was to give an anæsthetic at eight A.M. Then it was morning.

May 2, 1908.

Margaret W. has been here for three days. I hadn't seen her since we were graduated. She has been researching in New York. S. was to meet her at my office to take her to see the Children's Hospital. She looked stunning in a perfect tailored suit and the smartest hat I ever saw. She came down early, she said, to have a little talk with me before S. came. She had noticed, it seems, that I was getting very careless about my looks, that I hadn't kept up in literature and the other arts—that I went to bed too early, that I talked too much about my baby and not enough about politics and world affairs. There was a lot more, and the worst of it is, it is all true. S. came in looking like a million in a suit he got in London before we were married, and they left in the gayest spirits. I sat still and loathed them both. Then Miss Olson called to say P. wouldn't eat her spinach. Went home and played with P.

Margaret and S. very late for dinner. Dinner rotten. Somehow I have *got* to get some new clothes.

January 16, 1910.

S. could stand and watch me cut off a leg or make the most brilliant of

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diagnoses and remain unmoved—but let him catch me in the kitchen with an apron on, or sewing on a button, and he is dissolved in loving admiration. This I have endured with a "twisted smile" for two years. But tonight—We had planned to go to the medical meeting to hear Dr. Williams from Johns Hopkins. Then P. suddenly shot a temperature, and I couldn't leave. She had fallen asleep, and I was in the library with a basket of mending when he came home. "It was a great talk," he began, all excitement, while he took off his coat. Then he saw one of his socks on my hand. Instantly the most fatuous my-little-wife expression came over his face. "So that's why you didn't go to the meeting," he said tenderly, and started to pat my hair. Something snapped. I jumped up and threw the entire basket in his face and rushed from the room. Well, I have apologized—and he has been the sport he always is.

After all he can't help it. A man, it seems, may be intellectually in complete sympathy with a woman's aims. But only about ten per cent of him is his intellect—the other ninety his emotions. And S.'s emotional pattern was set by his mother when he was a baby. It can't be so easy being the husband of a "modern" woman. She is everything his mother wasn't—and nothing she was.

May 4, 1911.

Have decided to try my hand as S.'s technician since Miss Johnson is leaving to get married. I can do the work and still take care of my practice. We will thus save a nice salary and can get a better housekeeper. I am a little frightened, to tell the truth, but if the Curies could work together, why not we? If only his hands were not so much more skilful with pipettes and test-tubes than mine! But surely I can do heaps better than the ordinary technician. And if it isn't very thrilling, I should by this time be getting used to my rôle of giving the anæsthetics while he has the exciting operations.

Aug. 7, 1911.

Have walked out on my job. Nobody can ever make me believe again that a husband and wife can work together in a small laboratory. From the beginning S. would never accept a single finding of mine without corroborating it. His air of skepticism made me wild. And his determination to be patient! It got so that whenever he walked into the lab with that ironic, tolerant curve to his lips, I'd drop a test-tube. I did good work though, and in his heart S. knows it. Apparently a husband just can't accept his wife as an equal in his own pet field.

Your ordinary technician of course is never your equal and therefore you would never dream of being so critical and exacting with her. And she on her part would never be anything but humble and subservient. Miss Johnson thought S. the cleverest doctor in the world, and he knew it. She was more than half in love with him and he knew it. In the morning she put a flower on his desk, in the afternoon she brought him a malted milk, and when it rained she reminded him to wear his rubbers. She even sewed a button on his overcoat, whereas I suggested his dropping in at his tailor's. When she made a mistake did she swear? No, she cried (I caught her at it one day) but was wise enough never to let him see her tears.

Verily, I am no technician. But oh *what* a woman I should be if an able young man would consecrate his life to me as secretaries and technicians do to their men employers.

Yet I can't rid myself of a sense of guilt and failure. My Victorian hangover at work.

Well, we have celebrated our professional dissolution with cocktails. After the second, S. was laughing heartily at the whole thing. S. laughs a lot more than he did. Do I imagine it, or do I laugh less?

Nov. 20, 1914.

Have had a thrilling week at . . . University lecturing to the women students. Got me some gorgeous clothes for the occasion and have disquieting suspicion that they were responsible for much of the week's undoubted success. But not all. Submitted my plans for an organized health service to President M. He took it up with his Board and they have asked me to install the department and run it for them. And with a real salary —one big enough almost to support the family while S. gets started again in a new place. For of course we shall have to move. Will S. be willing? I haven't told him yet. But he must. It's my big chance.

Nov. 23, 1914.

Have had a long talk with S. He is a grand sport. Started by telling him how more and more I did not like general practice with its eternal personal problems and its palliative measures. (Of course he had heard that before, but I thought it a good introduction.) How more and more I wanted to do preventive medicine and health organization work. Then I told him about the new job. He was silent for a long time. So long that although I tried not to, I knew exactly what he was thinking about; the terribly hard pull it had been to get started, his hospital and teaching affiliations, the break, the beginning at the bottom again. At last he said, "You wouldn't hesitate a minute if I were the one who wanted to make a move." We both knew that. "All right then—we go!" And he squared his shoulders and smiled.

And so to bed.

November 25, 1914.

Have just written President M. to say I cannot leave. No, I'm not being noble —I'm not making any sacrifice—for I just can't face it. S. loves his work here too much. What if he should be years getting under way again? I couldn't endure his unhappiness—and neither could he, and neither could the children. He would make the gesture beautifully, but soon his subconscious would start in hating me.

Have done a lot of thinking in the last twenty-four hours. Granted that unquestionably if our positions were reversed we should move at once. But the reason that this is not a fair argument is that under those circumstances I should not *care* half as much as he does. Here comes a big admission from me. *I don't believe a woman's work is ever so important to her as a man's is to him.* Why? Well, first she knows that in the long run no one's work—except that of rare genius—has any unique significance except to the person who does it. Men never know this until they are old, whereas most women are born knowing it. Then to women happiness depends more upon intimate human relations than upon any amount of "success." But success is veritably the breath of life in the nostrils of a man. Why not? Both men and women demand it of him, and who cares a damn for a woman's "success"? Occasionally her

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mother. For the world at large a woman's success still depends upon her power over men. Is she popular as a girl? Is she a wife to arouse envy in other men's breasts? Not degrees, not work, not even money—but scalps are still the index of her success! Selah!

Nevertheless and therefore—Damn!

April 19, 1915.

A Red Letter Day! Went over to our own University to present my college health plan to President S. He was a joy and seems even enthusiastically interested. We discussed the plan in detail and I believe it is going through. It was a great help to be able to say that the important . . . U. had wanted me to try it out there! I am soaring.

April 25, 1915.

Prof. W. telephoned this morning that she thought my health plans were doomed because the President had heard I smoked cigarettes. I laughed and said she was crazy, but I rushed over to the campus just the same. And will you believe it, dear Diary, she was right! For the sake of my children's children let me put that conversation down as it transpired. This then, dear grandchildren, is how your grandmother and a president of a great university conversed in the Year of Our Lord 1915:

Your Grandmother, trying to smile quizzically: I have been told that you have given up having me install my plan for health work because I smoke cigarettes.

President of a Great University, archly: But you do, don't you?

Y. G., attempting puzzled amazement: Yes, certainly, but what has that to do with it? Surely you do not think smoking a question of morals?

P. of G. U., hastily registering broad-mindedness: I don't, of course. But others know this about you too, and it is an undoubted fact that in the minds of most people a woman who smokes is —ah—confidently associated with—er —far more serious faults.

Y. G., frightened but gentle: Do you honestly believe my plan to have value?

P. of G. U., indulgently: I do.

Y. G., still gently: Do you know any other person as well or better qualified to put it through?

P. of G. U., nervously: No, I don't, but——

Y. G., triumphantly: Well, then! You wouldn't deny this valuable opportunity to the students, merely because I smoke in my own house. I don't smoke in public, you know.

P. of G. U., looking at his finger nails, and becoming more and more presidential: You have gained the reputation. We have very few women on our faculty, and they must be above suspicion. Our regents demand this. It is even said that you have been known to serve cocktails. (This he added with real reproach. I laughed. I couldn't help it. A mistake.)

Y. G.: Don't you ever drink anything, President S.?

P. of G. U., again impressively broad-minded: I used to enjoy a glass of wine with my dinner when I lived in New York, but since I have been President I have given up alcohol in any form. As an example to——

Y. G., interrupting hopefully: Yes, of course. Well, then, you go to the Regents and say "Even as I used to drink wine and have given it up, so this woman used to smoke cigarettes and has given it up." For I will give it up—even if it does seem silly. Oh, President S., I do so want to try this out. I'll do it without any pay—I——

P. of G. U., his presidential hand upraised: It won't do. (A long silence.)

Y. G.: All because I'm a woman?

P. of G. U., solemnly: Yes, but I want you to know how sorry I am.

Y. G., dreamily as she gathers up gloves: When my mother was a girl it was thought "fast" to use powder—positively immoral to rouge.

Exit, leaving P. of G. U. booming a benediction.

So that, my dear grandchildren, although you will scarcely believe it in 1940—is exactly that!

Sept. 29, 1917.

S. dazzling in a spick-and-span uniform has "gone to the War." For a few days I thought I was going. But President Wilson won't have us both. True, I could have gone over at once, and S. will have to wait heaven knows how long in a southern camp. But what kind of a world would it be if women went to war and men stayed to keep the home fires burning? I wonder.

Brother Dick writes me that thus far his clever surgeon fingers have been used for weeks only to pick up cigarette stubs in camp.

S. won't like picking up cigarette stubs.

March 21, 1918.

Too tired to write these days. S. complains of being fed up waiting to get over. But his lazy days in the South sound Sybaritic to me. The furnace boy has gone too, so I stoke the furnace morning and night. Am trying to keep some of S.'s practice together for him. Not very successful there. Have taken a job as head of the educational department of the State Board of Health. Giving health talks every noon to the girls in factories. Have started a Working Girls' Evening Dispensary. Both youngsters, thank Heaven, keep fine. We get together somehow for at least an hour every day. Why do I feel virtuous about that? I find myself telling it to some one at least once a day. Too tired to inquire further.

October 2, 1918.

Returned this morning from a lecture trip through the Northwest. My first trip in my new capacity of Health Director for the Red Cross. Purpose to persuade local R. C. branches to release some of their left-over funds for health work. Have sung with Rotarians, lunched with Kiwanians, preached to mayors and city fathers, lectured at Chautauquas, co-operated with doctors, pleaded with bankers. Grand time has been had by all, but other results resolve themselves into no more than very tentative, and very provisional, promises. Everywhere I find the banker-treasurer most loth to spend R. C. moneys. (Of course he should be, or he wouldn't be a banker.) But *why* to the women, who have raised most of the funds, is his judgment infallible? Why, particularly in states where women have had for years a hand in everything?

Verily what bishops are to the English, bankers are to Americans.

I am particularly keen about small-town Montana women. They seem to be able to do anything, and to do it without the least fuss. Last Monday afternoon I spoke in G. It is a county seat, but a tiny town nevertheless. Only about twenty women were there, and all twenty were college graduates. Most of them from the State University. In the middle of my talk a dust storm came up. The air became thick gray grit. Madame President stopped me with

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a poke in the back. Would I please hold up the rest of the lecture for half an hour while the ladies went home and took their washing off the line? I would and I did. All returned laughing and panting a little. A gay and contented group they were, but also one alive with intelligence. Only once before—not in Montana this time—did an audience of women give me that same lightning impression of gaiety, intelligence, and freedom from self-consciousness. And that in a Catholic college where all were teaching nuns.

I asked S. tonight what he thought it was which these so different women possessed in common. But all he said was "Both groups are minding their own business and doing it well." Two-edged, that, of course, but I was so busy concentrating on that word *business* that it missed fire.

The *business* of those Montana women in a servantless land assuredly is working with men in the best sense of that phrase. I met girls who not only won degrees and did the family washing, but could and did rope steers, dig wells, and clear fields.

But how about those happy nuns?

Jan. 16, 1919.

The Mayor's secretary phoned me this morning and asked me to call on his Honor at eleven o'clock. First impulse was "What have I done now?" (Curious, that memory of being "sent to the Principal" which awakens when authority speaks. Must look into that further.)

It seems that I had done nothing at all—on the contrary a great honor was being proffered me. Namely, I am appointed upon a new Board of Charities together with six men. Further than that, I am to have the City Health Department and the City Hospital as my special chores. Emoluments there are none save honor. But it is going to be tremendously interesting.

Here I enter politics—if at the back door!

Feb. 1, 1919.

Up betimes, to order meals, write school excuse note, explain washing-machine to new laundress, and down to the Courthouse for 8.30. First Board meeting. All seven of us eye each other and try to take each other's measure. His Honor is President—bald, whiskers, very bland blue eyes. Only four are his appointees. The other two have been chosen by the City Council. We line up at once. The Mayor's four all brotherly love, the others ready to jump. All six men, however, unite in eyeing me with a certain wariness and a this-damned-Woman's-vote expression. It is agreed that each committee shall proceed to make a survey of its department and bring in its report and recommendations. We adjourn, but remain for half an hour making tentative approaches. Was suddenly reminded of the way strange dogs, hair erect, but tails wagging, sniff each other before they commit themselves.

It's going to be great fun!

Feb. 16, 1919.

Worked all day on Health Department. Since I alone of my committee have any medical knowledge, they gladly leave all preliminary study to me. Department staff naturally enough united in antagonism to female investigator. Can't get many facts but sins of omission are there for any one to read. The entire place is archaic in organization, vital statistics, administration. But my word won't be enough. What I need is the Masculine Voice of Authority. A national voice, I think.

March 14, 1919.

Have called upon Surgeon-General at Washington for help. Good man! He agreed at once to send trained public health officer to make city-wide survey. If all goes well we may keep him permanently for health commissioner. The Board's consent was a real problem. Each seemed frightened to death of criticism "if we bring in a man from outside." Cost me several lunches. (I took them to S.'s club and charged the bills to him. S. was unreasonably annoyed. Surely he can do that much for his city.)

These six men think I have the solid Woman's Vote in my pocket! Must work fast before they find out that there is no such animal. Each man is playing his little game—albeit I think in all honesty. What, they all ask themselves, is *my* game?

March 10, 1922.

Now that Health Department and Hospital have been reorganized, there remains just one thing more I've set my heart on. We have got to make women graduates of the State Medical eligible for internship at the City Hospital. Had anticipated no trouble. After all it meant only that they be permitted to take a competitive examination. Today introduced subject for discussion. Was immediately opposed by every member! "If we let them take the examinations we will have only women in our hospital," said G. "The girls are always at the head of the class." Nobody but me thought that was funny. They all nodded their sympathy with G.

But this is not the end!

April 11, 1922.

Eureka! From this year on girls may compete for internship and two at least may hope to win! After all it wasn't so difficult. Preliminary tactics consisted of sowing fear in hearts of members. One woman from each women's organization of note was asked merely to call up each Board member, mention her group by name, and ask him how he intended to vote on the subject. That was all. Then this morning we saw to it that the Board room was packed with women. Each carried a pencil and pad *very* ostensibly, and very obviously intended for the record of votes. The prettiest and cleverest of the girl medics made an excellent speech, but it was hardly necessary. I asked that the vote be taken by name. The ladies busily scratched on their pads. There was only one dissenting voice.

Thus ended the only occasion when pressure has seemed indicated. Usually the method is much simpler. If I want anything very much, I introduce the idea to a member, persuade him tactfully that the proposition in reality has sprung from his own brain—and let him do the rest. Not forgetting of course to encourage, admire, and applaud at frequent intervals. This policy of indirection, so contrary to lofty standards, was adopted after I found that my direct suggestions were met invariably by a suspicion six-male strong.

Jan. 8, 1924.

Up bright and early for last Board meeting. Practised resignation speech all the way downtown. "Gentlemen, I appreciate deeply your expressions of regret, but I have served this Board and my City five years," etc. Should I tell them that everything I had joined it for having been accomplished, I was sick now of giving my life's blood to decid-

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ing which contractor should build a new pig-barn for the work-house? Better not. However, no opportunity for speech. Resignation accepted placidly with few—very few—formal remarks from the chair. Well!!

Slump in self-esteem has kept up chill depression all day.

June 17, 1924.

Home this morning after a week in New York. R. had in mind grand national job for me with salary of $10,000. But even L. couldn't swing it, and it fell through. Reason—the big salary. "They say," explained R. back from laboring for me in Washington, "they simply cannot afford to give a woman a job with that salary. You will find out, if you haven't already—that few men object to women holding jobs which pay up to $5000. But try beyond that! There's not a chance in a thousand."

And now? Steady! The important thing is not to feel beaten. Now is the time for all middle-aged (Yes, say it) women to come to the aid of their party. Woman's Club work? Charity? Volunteer lunch committees where fussy God-earnest gentlemen and graying ladies read reports and pass resolutions? No, I am through with that. Can a professional return happily to the amateur class? I doubt it.

Have decided to take the summer off and think it over!

Jan. 2, 1932.

While looking for an old letter this morning I found this diary hidden away in the bottom desk drawer. It has lain there eight years. I started to burn it, then began reading and ended by calling in L. and reading it to her. L., now twenty and "majoring" in psychology, took it in with a sort of indulgent gravity.

L.: Of course from the beginning there was a strong masculine protest. Wholly unconscious of course. It must have been started by your older brother and dominating father.

I: Don't, please don't tell me I was in love with my father!

L.: (Ignoring my interruption) Your generation always spelt Life with a capital L. We use the small letter. We are rather sick of capitals, you know.

I: Perhaps, but they did add color.

L.: You rebellious girls of the nineties were a sort of cross between Joan of Arc and the Pioneer Mother, weren't you? And as stuffed with causes as a Strassburg goose. Settlements, Suffrage, Economic Independence! I can't help envying you a cause, though. There isn't one we can get excited over.

I: There are lots left, you know. War, Poverty, Injustice are still with us.

L.: Yes, of course, but they are so damned complex and impersonal that we are discouraged before we start. You've told me yourself that you actually thought at twenty that by dancing with poor boys down on Rivington Street you helped them to the Larger Life. Oh, but it was nice and simple then.

I: (Blushing a little.) Anyway we had spirit enough to try.

L.: But you were so sentimental. Yes, even you, darling, in your personal life. (Here I protested violently.) Yes you were, darling—about your duty to Dad and us. You were positively Victorian in your fear that you would neglect us. And you do want me to be honest, don't you? It might have been a little better for us all if you *had* neglected us a bit. Not that I blame you. We have learned such a lot about human relations since then.

I: For instance?

L.: Well, for example, what Jung says about how it is man's nature to love things, and woman's a man and her children.

I: Yes, but a few of us knew that even in those archaic days.

L.: What about it? Do you think women in medicine are getting a fairer deal than they did, say thirty years ago?

I: No. I can think off-hand of only two medical women who have won fair rewards—fair even for a man. Yet a number of others have done splendid work for which men, often their chiefs, have been given the glory.

L.: As woman to woman, would you do it all over again?

I: Every bit of it!

L.: Well, what's glory anyhow? The most exciting thing in the world is to find out why people are as they are. I've decided to study medicine before I do any more psychology. And Jack's going to Hopkins too. I do think, darling, that we have heaps better chances than you had. So many things about sex have been cleared up, you see. And now women have the vote and everything you all worked for. It's going to be a totally different story.

I wonder.

NOT THAT WE ARE FORLORN

By Charles Norman

Not that we are forlorn or lost, but that
Something is over which we never had,
That leaves a city when we enter it,
And draws us elsewhere to the end of hope.
Wherever we abide, be sure it won't;
Though we should wander over the whole world,
It makes that city glamorous where we're not,
And troubles the mind with beauty like a ghost.
Mourn we the lack we cannot ever name,
The coming on of night makes definite,
When flower-pots appear on window-shades,
And radios begin. The wind strums wires.
Thinking these things I venture forth,
And turn, when the wind blows, like a weather-vane.

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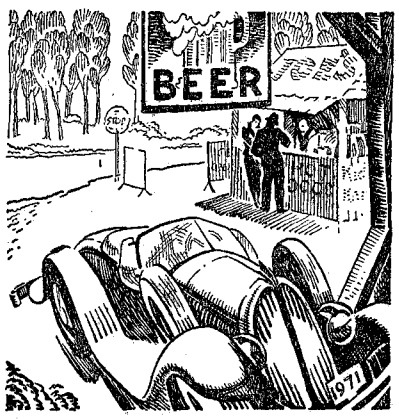
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

By All Means, the Saloon

By Paul Hutchinson

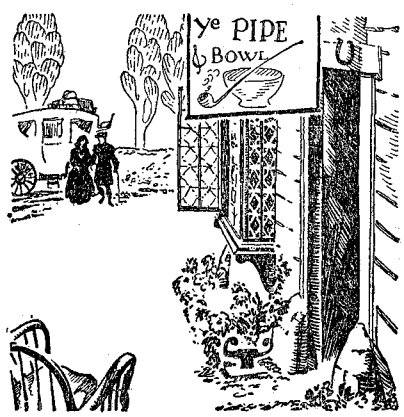


WELL, foamy days are here again. The conscript fathers at Washington have again succeeded in "solving" the perennial problem of liquor control, and long before this appears in print a legal brew of 4 per cent by volume will be available to approximately three out of every five of the allegedly parched inhabitants of the country. This dénouement has slipped up on us so swiftly that we are not yet quite adjusted to it. Even after the party conventions of last summer and the landslide in November, few expected to see the repeal amendment go through the palsied lame-duck session with any such ease and celerity as characterized its passage. And as for the Roosevelt beer message, with its consequent instantaneous deposit of the Volstead Act in the legislative ash-barrel, about all that needs to be said is that its astonishing effectiveness has thrown the brewers themselves into a panic. A panic inspired by their fear lest the change in the law find them without sufficient brew, bottles, barrels, and other requirements to supply the demand.

Verily, the new deal!

There are, it must be admitted, certain aspects of the decisions so expeditiously reached by Congress that bear far more resemblance to the familiar legislative pastime known as "passing the buck" than they do to "solving" anything. The resolution proposing a Twenty-first Amendment, of course, had to be passed on to the States for action. But the terms of the repealing amendment are strikingly devoid of any of those safeguards, those attempts to conserve the experience gained under prohibition, which the Republicans promised in their platform and which the Democrats, as recently as when they were supporting the Glass resolution in the Senate last summer, declared were expected by the nation. One is reminded, in studying the manner in which Congress finally framed the proposed Twenty-first Amendment, of the movies in the days when the film would break with maddening frequency. You remember how a blank interval would intervene, while repairs were being made in the projection booth, and then the flickering drama would be resumed showing the villain still half-way between heaven and earth in his plunge over the cliffs—or in whatever perilous plight he had been interrupted when the film broke. Just so this amendment, as sent down to the States, attempts to do nothing more than to take them back to the point at which they were when the Eighteenth went into effect, and to say, "Go on from where you were."

The readiness of Congress to pass the buck to the States is even more evident in the beer bill. (The bill also involves considerable buck-passing to the Supreme Court, it might be mentioned, in the matter of "intoxicating in fact." But let that pass.) When the President cracked his whip, and Congress turned to the task of passing a beer bill before the end of the week, but two requirements seem to have been recognized. In the first place, Congress meant to provide real beer, beer with a kick. That spelled the end of the Senate's 3.05



brew. And in the second place, the federal legislature was intent on banishing from Washington forever the grief involved in trying to regulate the sale of the stuff. That spelled the end of Mr. Borah's attempt to shut off selling to minors. All that Congress wanted to do was to provide legal beer; after that, let the States handle its disposition as they might see fit.

So the situation is now squarely up to the States. Beer is back—unless the courts should interfere, and that contingency can probably be postponed, by resorting to traditional methods of legal delay, until action on the pending amendment has been completed. In the meantime, beer will be on sale. And the public, despite all the talk about its being a "food drink" and not intoxicating in fact, shows a lamentable persistence in regarding the return of the brew as the end of prohibition. If the States do not speedily establish such controls over the sale of this "food drink" as they expect to set up over the sale of the liquids that return with the adoption of the pending amendment (if, as, and when), the chance to establish much of any control over the revived liquor traffic will be lost.

This seems to be generally understood. As a result, there is scarcely a State—outside the few that are likely to

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retain State prohibition—in which plans for controlling the sale of alcoholic beverages are not being drawn up. These plans generally include beer in their purview, even though the beer and wines now legalized are, by definition, not intoxicating. (If the new 3.2 by weight and 4 per cent by volume brew really *is* non-intoxicating, there must have been a lot of self-deluded patrons in the old days, when Pabst's Blue Ribbon tested only 2.93 by weight and 3.66 by volume, while Schlitz's Pale showed only 3.15 and 3.93!) Most of these liquor-control schemes are based on the idea that, whatever happens, there must be no return of the saloon. Even the supersaturated *Chicago Tribune* never lets up in its editorial raptures over the Ontario dispensary system. The next thing we know, unless we are careful, the nation will be a crazyquilt of States in which every known variety of home and restaurant trade is encouraged, while the saloon is banished to outer darkness.

I am convinced that this is a mistake. If we are to have a return to legal liquor —and apparently we are—I believe that the best way to dispense it is through saloons. By saloons I mean retail establishments in which the liquor purchased can be drunk on the premises. As an unreconstructed dry, I am ready, in case the movement to forbid the return of the old-fashioned barroom grows too strong, to join in the establishment of a Pro-Saloon League. And I shall seek additional members from among the drys. By all means, let's have saloons!

Let there be no misunderstanding of what I am advocating, or why. I am not writing as an admirer of the saloon. No bleary memories of the good old days along the brass rail tug at my heart. With the exception of a few "swell joints," the saloon was about as scabrous an institution as has appeared. It set up a stench in the neighborhood, and the more you knew about what went on under its encouragement, the worse the stench. No, there's no nostalgia in this.

Neither am I writing as one convinced of the wisdom of a legalized sale of liquor. On the contrary, I am sure that experience will now proceed to show us that we cannot afford to let liquor loose in a high-speed, micrometer-gauged, mass-production society, and that, if we do let it loose, we cannot effectively control it by State action. Alcohol is an error-inducing agent that cannot be set at large on our highways or among our machines without disastrous consequences. Moreover, there is something about liquor—I won't attempt to say what it is—that seems to give it an inherent bent toward the debauchery of government, the extension of vice and the increase of human misery. I haven't changed my mind about any of these things, despite the mess which has been made of federal prohibition. And I still expect that the day will come when an overwhelming portion of the American people will arrive at the same conclusions.

But that does not affect the fact that the majority of the American people do not feel that way about it just now; that they have already secured a return of beer and light wines, and that the chances favor a legalizing of all liquor. And since we are apparently to have liquor sold in some fashion, I hold that by far the best method of selling it is through the saloon.

Take this question of getting rid of the bootlegger, for instance. Here is one of the conditions that have made the public most impatient with federal prohibition. But do the people who now favor some sort of dispensary system, with home consumption, have any idea how that would delay the end of the bootlegger? The very fact that the securing of some sort of government permit in order to make a purchase would involve a certain amount of red tape would play into the hands of the illicit dealer who was ready to deliver at the door, without fuss, and at a price that need take no account of taxes. As between controlling the source of supplies for a limited number of licensed and definitely located drinking places, and controlling the distribution to the back doors of the nation, there can be no question as to which policy would be the more practical and more effective.

Or consider the matter of protecting the young. Crusaders against the Eighteenth Amendment have made much of the fact that the situation produced by bootlegging and home-brewing has been debauching youth. Much of the more perfervid oratory along this line can be dismissed as campaign exaggeration, but most of us will agree that no good has been done by accustoming youngsters to the presence of liquor in the home. Will any good be done, under the new regime, by confirming that situation? Why make it easy for a growing boy to buy beer in the grocery, along with two loaves of bread and a can of salmon? Or what is gained by making it necessary for the man of the family, when he finds himself yearning for a shot of Scotch, to bring home a whole bottle and tackle it in the presence of his 'teen-age daughter? Under a saloon system almost every State will enact regulations designed to keep minors out of the saloons; surely few will argue that a scheme which keeps liquor as far away from children as possible is to be set aside in favor of a scheme which tends to impose liquor on their habitual environment.

Then there is this question of government income. Under a home-consumption system the government can, of course, put a tax on the liquor producer and the seller. But if the business is scattered through drug stores, grocery stores, restaurants, taverns (a stout old word that they are resurrecting in Wisconsin as a barrier against the return of the saloon), roadside barbecues, and a limitless number of other outlets, the task of levying and collecting government revenue will become immensely complicated, eating up overhead and fostering the ubiquitous shakedown. When it comes to supplying the State with revenue—and this has been the end most sought in recent months—there is no system to compare with the licensed saloon. Given a single type of retail outlet, supplying the only considerable market for the product of brewery and distillery, and the taxing power —federal, State and local—can be operated with a maximum of income and a minimum of scandal. Also, a minimum of leakage.

As a dry, I am also willing to admit that I think there will be less drinking under a saloon system. Surely this admission will not be held to invalidate my argument, since the wets have been claiming that the reason they have wanted the Eighteenth Amendment repealed has been in order to diminish the amount of drinking and promote true temperance. I believe that there will be a lot less drinking under a state of affairs where liquor is consumed in openly labelled saloons than in any such situation as they have, for example, in Ontario. At least, I notice that there has been a considerable increase in the

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amount of liquor consumed in Ontario since the present system went into effect. Not only was the amount paid for liquor in Ontario greater in 1931 than in 1916, but the quantity consumed was greater. And the rapid increase in the number of liquor permits issued—which now appear to represent about 400,000 out of the 700,000 homes in the province—argues that a wrap-it-up-and-take-it-home system is anything but a promoter of temperance.

Our handling of the liquor problem—and it *is* a problem in our kind of society—has been dogged with mistakes and failures. Nor do I see reason to expect that, now that the question is back in the hands of the forty-eight States, there will be an end to all blunders. But of one thing I am increasingly convinced, and that is that we will never get near a satisfactory solution until we approach new levels of honesty in dealing with it. Propaganda on both sides of this issue has been marked by an extremity of statement that betrayed a far greater interest in putting something over on the opposition than in giving the general public genuine enlightenment. So now it seems to me that the auspices under which beer has been returned are anything but reassuring. For if the beer now authorized by Congress does not constitute an infraction of the Eighteenth Amendment, then there never has been a time when much of the pre-prohibition beer was illegal—which is to say that the Eighteenth Amendment was not contrived to interfere with the principal part of the saloon business as it existed before 1919.

Now, everybody knows this is sophistry—that the beer bill is a trick to evade the clear intent of the law and to provide government revenue by so doing. That, I feel, inserts another element of hypocrisy into a situation already too often cursed by shady practices. And that is one more reason why I hope that, where the liquor trade is re-established, it is re-established under a saloon system. Let us label the goods and the places in which the goods are sold honestly. Let us put the whole business where there can be no camouflage as to its presence or its nature. The more candidly we deal with it, the more hope there will be of arriving at a point where this chronic source of trouble will cease to disturb the course of our national life.

On Being a Jew

By Robert Nathan

I WANT to tell you what it has meant to me to be a Jew. But first of all, I must make a very serious confession: namely, that, from the point of view of religion, it has meant nothing to me at all. And so, perhaps, it will seem strange to you that I should be proud to be a Jew; or, at any rate, that I should be glad to be known as a Jew. You will say, quite reasonably, that a Jew without religion is only the skin and bones of a Jew.

I come of an orthodox and Sephardic family. My ancestors were rabbis, here in America; leaders of the synagogue, leaders of the Jewish community. I have not followed their example.

I have never been an important part of the Jewish community. I have been by myself—a Jew.

As a child, I was brought up in the liberal, the reformed faith. When I was very young, my mother wanted me to be a rabbi. But something must have gone wrong—for in my earliest memories the child I was found it almost impossible to distinguish between Judaism and Christianity. I never thought of myself as a Christian, but I experienced the same feeling of love and wonder from God's relation to Jesus as I did from His relation to Moses and Elijah. It didn't seem strange to me that Jesus was God's son; for I thought that we were all of us God's sons. As a boy I went to the old Temple Emanuel; at school in New England I went to the Congregational Church; the temple service seemed more beautiful to me, but the spirit of the church was kinder. I said my prayers every night until I was well on through college, but I was never able to think of God as a Jew or a Christian; He was just God, everybody's God.

As I grew older, as I read a little more widely and thought a little more clearly, I began to see that God, as we had Him here on earth, wasn't just God—that He was a lot of different Gods—different people, perhaps. He was a Catholic, a Jew, an Episcopalian, a Moslem, a Baptist, a Mormon; He was Rabbi Kook and Bishop Manning and John Roach Straton; He was Aimee Semple McPherson, and Rabbi Wise and William Hohenzollern and the Pope. In each of His phases He was a very different character, with different aims and sympathies, and different ways of looking at things. And all those different people who were God seemed to be busy making little heavens for themselves, and little hells for everybody else.

So I grew sceptical of that God who was so many different people. For myself, I was a Jew; I couldn't help that; some five thousand years of Jewish blood ran in my veins. But if I was a Jew I felt that I was a person, not a religion; and I had to find a place for that person in the world.

It wasn't a very easy place to find. My ancestors, despised and hated as they'd been, in Spain, in Holland, in Germany, and before that perhaps in Rome itself, had had the comfort of faith. They had their God. A Jew without faith—without a Jewish God of his own—has very little in this world to console him.

And I needed comfort, as every one does who is hated or despised. In the matter of prejudice, I've had as much trouble as any one else—not only from Christians, because I was a Jew and a bad social risk, but from the good bourgeois Jews themselves, because I was a poet, an artist, a bohemian, and a bad business risk.

At first all this dislike made me very unhappy. But after a while I began to see that these other people had their troubles, too—their inner unease, their complicated anxieties. Whether they were Jews anxious about their place on this earth, or Christians anxious about their place in the hereafter—they were even more uneasy than I was. They wanted to keep from me the good

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things of the earth which they had managed to accumulate for themselves —their own belongings. Was that really a sorrow for me? Did I need to concern myself with other people's belongings?

When Jesus said "Render unto Cæsar those things which are Cæsar's," he was giving the Jews the best advice in the world. It is one of the fundamental principles of happiness—concern yourself with your own.

But what was I, a lost Jew in a world of distrust and dislike, to believe in? What was I to be proud of? The fact that I was a Jew? God's choice of me as His light and lamp on earth? I didn't believe in God—not in God as we think of Him, a father-like figure interested in our three-dimensional world. I couldn't believe in heaven—the heaven into which Elijah was transported with all his senses, memories, experiences, and hopes. But there was one thing I *could* believe in—one thing right under my nose, under my hands, in my own blood and bone—and that was life itself, the good warm life that I could see and feel and touch. And I have believed in it; I've loved it, even when it seemed painful; I've believed in its essential goodness.

Well, there was something to begin with. I was alive; and I loved being alive. I was a Jew; was I to love being a Jew?

To love being a Jew, one has to be proud to be a Jew. Was I to be proud of being a Jew?

The answer for me was both yes, and no.

Certainly I've never been proud of it in the sense of thinking the Jew better than his neighbors. The Jewish qualities are evenly divided. Even Jehovah thought that his children were a stiff-necked people. Yet by their very stubbornness they survived. Their communities have been always the true democracies. At the same time, the Jews of Egypt and Canaan must have seemed a miserable crew to their contemporaries; they cheated and stole, they committed all manner of crimes not only against their neighbors, but against each other; they stoned their prophets (they still do), they profaned their temple, they broke their promises . . . and when Jerusalem fell for the first time before the Roman legions, the Jews were meanly and miserably slaughtering each other within the walls, to see who would have the glory of losing the war.

Having lost the war, and the temple, they went nobly to their deaths.

And there you have the other side of the picture, the heroic side: the traits of courage, of devotion, of idealism, of love, which also distinguished our ancestors. There were rascals in Israel; and there were heroes—men like Joshua, and David, Jesus, Hillel, Maimonides—utterly Jewish in deed and in spirit. One cannot be proud of all the Jews; but one can be proud of some of them. There were brave men among them, devoted martyrs, profound scholars, and inspired poets. One can be proud of a history which includes them.

So much for history. But what of the present? What of ourselves?

Have we their greatness? Are we Maccabees, or Zealots? Are we saints or Pharisees? Are we like the Jews who turned Roman in order to enjoy the life of Rome? Are we like those Jews who, remaining Jews, spent their lives hating their neighbors, and quarrelling with each other?

No, we think that we are not. I, for one, am sure that I am not. Nor do I on the other hand imagine myself another Solomon, another Rashi, another Heine. If I am proud to be a Jew, it is only because I am proud to be myself. My orthodox ancestors cannot light the way for me, they cannot give me assurance. The present, the future, lies all within myself. I am a Jew, I was born a Jew. Very well, let me neither deny it nor boast of it, but simply and gently accept it. Let me say as did the old Jahveh, I am what I am—let me be neither proud of it, nor ashamed of it. Let me be ashamed only of those things within myself which are shameful—greed, unfriendliness, cowardice, hypocrisy—and proud only of what I have the right to be proud of—my own worth, my own reality here on this earth, where a man is worthy of his salt, no more, no less.

Let me be proud, where I can, of my own use of those precious Jewish qualities of warmth, of love, of devotion to an ideal, of modesty, which, distinguishing some of my ancestors, failed to distinguish others among them. And if I lift my head and exclaim, "Hear, O Israel," with the congregation, it is an affirmation not of Jehovah, the God of the Jews, but of myself, a man, and a Jew.

CRY UNDER CHAOS

By Gilbert Maxwell

I FIND no comfort in the passing phases
That paint a cool white heaven in the mind;
My flesh has need to fear the pit that blazes
Bottomless and unaltered; I must find
The God of mercy and the God of thunder;
The Keeper over Israel, whose sheep
Walked fearless in the troubled nightfall under
The guiding eye of One who does not sleep.

I must return, a prodigal, to gather
Unto myself, in penitence and pride,
My birthright and the blessings of my Father:
Lord of the fields! O Watchman of the tide!
O Shepherd of the sun . . . Majestic Spirit:
Give back the garment, consummate and whole,
Of Simon's olden faith that I may wear it
Over the cold wound gaping in my soul!

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

ONE HUNDRED NEW BOOKS

SURELY a book is new if only a year old; and here follows a selected list of books published since July, 1932. These are worth reading and worth owning; the money spent on them is well invested. Those who are buying books for public or special libraries may find this list of assistance.

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Life of Wagner," by Ernest Newman.
The first volume of the definitive biography.

"Sir Walter Scott," by John Buchan.
The best brief account of his life.

"The Laird of Abbotsford," by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy.
The next best.

"The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams.
These two volumes combine instruction with entertainment.

"The Tragedy of Tolstoy," by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy.
His daughter gives an intimate picture of a genius.

"Andrew Jackson," by Marquis James.
An account of our most picturesque President.

"Three Kingdoms of Indo-China," by Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., and Theodore Roosevelt.
The story of an exciting journey.

"Life of Joseph Chamberlain," Vol. I, by J. L. Garvin.
Valuable contribution to political history.

"What Is American?" by Frank E. Hill.
One answer to a difficult question.

"Grain Race," by Alan Villiers.
Thrilling account of voyage round the Horn.

"Texts and Pretexts," by Aldous Huxley.
Good gleaning after the reapers.

"The Shakespeare Allusion Book." 2 vols.
One of the most valuable works on the subject; because it gives in chronological order, every allusion to Shakespeare that has been found from 1591 to 1700.

"Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet," by Archibald Henderson.
The most complete account in existence, with many letters and pictures.

"Out of the Past of Greece and Rome," by Michael Rostovtzeff.
Archæological story made as simple as it is valuable.

"The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature," by Annie R. Marble.
Brief biographies of all the winners through 1931.

"The Best Plays of 1931–1932," by Burns Mantle.
Valuable summary and criticism.

"Journal," by Arnold Bennett. Two volumes have appeared.
Full of interesting details with an unafraid outlook.

"True North," by Elliott Merrick.
Living in Labrador.

"Men and Memories," Vol. II, by Sir William Rothenstein.
Excellent sketches of contemporaries.

"A Man Must Fight," by Gene Tunney.
Admirable account of his ring career.

"Darling of Misfortune," by Richard Lockridge.
Excellent life of Edwin Booth.

"Life and Lillian Gish," by A. B. Paine and L. Gish.
Psychological and professional biography of the screen queen.

"Carlyle," by L. Camazian.
Translated from the French.

"A Princess in Exile," by Grand Duchess Marie.
Story of a strange interlude.

"Mark Twain's America," by Bernard De Voto.
Highly important book on Mark Twain's life and background.

"My Friendly Contemporaries," by Hamlin Garland.
Encounters with men of letters.

"Amid These Storms," by Winston Churchill.
Filled with gusto.

"Adventures of a Novelist," by Gertrude Atherton.
Always interesting, often thrilling.

"Souvenirs," by Georgette Leblanc.
Account of Maeterlinck as she saw him.

"Mary Lincoln," by Carl Sandburg.
Sympathetic history of a twisted mind.

"Forty Years for Labrador," by Sir Wilfrid Grenfell.
A very parfit gentle knight.

"Napoleon," by Hilaire Belloc.
Sprightly generalizations.

"Napoleon," by Jacques Bainville.
Judicial.

"Mark Twain," by Stephen Leacock.
Many ideas in small space.

"Henry Adams," by James T. Adams.
Skilful adaptation of The Education.

"The Patriot King," by Grace Thompson.
A brilliant and readable story of William IV.

"Candelabra," by John Galsworthy.
Informal remarks on literature.

"The Etching Hobby," by W. D. Cox.
Showing, with pictures, how it is done.

"The Brontës," by G. F. Bradby.
Particularly good on Emily.

"Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama," by Richard Cordell.
Biographical for him and historical for it.

"Our Times," Vol. IV, by Mark Sullivan.
Indispensable.

"Farewell to Reform," by John Chamberlain.
Interesting record of the progressive movement.

"American Literature," by A. C. Ward.
How an Englishman looks at us.

"The Flying Carpet," by Richard Halliburton.
He who reads may run through the air.

"Perpetual Prosperity," by George H. Hull, Jr.
A way out of our troubles.

"Treasure House of Living Religions," by Robert E. Hume.
Exactly what the title says.

"Friends of Men," by Charles F. Thwing.
Instructive and charming comment on recent leaders in thought and life (29).

"Matrimony," by Edward Lucas White.
Account of his happy marriage.

"Beauty of Flight," by M. Curry.
The most beautiful illustrations of flying I have seen.

"This Is Russia," by Huff and Raiguel.
A good book to take with you among the Soviets.

"Lost Lectures," by Maurice Baring.
Thoughts from a brilliant and beautiful mind.

"I Cover the Waterfront," by Max Miller.
The notes and observations of a born newspaper man.

"Red Smoke," by Isaac Don Levine.
Of the eight million new books on Russia, this is one of the best.

"Man's Rough Road," by A. G. Keller.
The history of society in a readable form.

"Dear Prue's Husband," by J. J. Reilly.
Excellent literary criticism.

"What We Live By," by Abbé Dimnet.
Inspiring.

"Pattern and Variation in Poetry," by Chard Powers Smith.
Thoughtful work by an American poet.

"The Discovery of Europe," by Paul Cohen-Portheim.
Lest we forget.

"Greek Byways," by T. R. Glover.
Charming essays by a humanist.

"Selected Essays," by T. S. Eliot.
Brilliant and scholarly.

"Oxford English," by R. W. Chapman.
How it is really spoken by cultivated Englishmen.

"The Story of Bermuda," by Hudson Strode.
Compelling descriptions, with splendid illustrations.

"The Second Common Reader," by Virginia Woolf.
I like this better than her novels.

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FICTION

"Obscure Destinies," by Willa Cather.
Full of acute observation and human sympathy.

"Human Nature," by Edith Wharton.
The art of narrative.

"Human Being," by Christopher Morley.
His masterpiece; but the mistress should not have called on the wife.

"The Bulpington of Blup," by H. G. Wells.
A novel, not a sermon.

"Jenny Wren," by E. H. Young.
The servant is greater than her master.

"Hardy Perennial," by Helen Hull.
Puncture of the stuffed shirt.

"Imitation of Life," by Fannie Hurst.
L'humble vérité.

"Papa La Fleur," by Zona Gale.
Every word in the book pulls its weight.

"Pageant," by G. B. Lancaster.
A thoroughly masculine novel of Tasmania written by a clever woman. The pill of history is sugared o'er with the sweet cast of sentiment.

"Valiant Dust," by Percival Christopher Wren.
Another exciting tale by our modern Dumas.

"The Answering Glory," by R. C. Hutchinson.
The essence of adventurous Christianity.

"The Fountain," by Charles Morgan.
Notable chiefly for its literary style.

"All I Could Never Be," by Anzia Yezierska.
Studies of people whom the author knows by experience.

"The Sheltered Life," by Ellen Glasgow.
Her masterpiece.

"Between White and Red," by Erich Dwinger.
The hell of internment in war.

"The Burning Bush," by Sigrid Undset.
Full of fine descriptions; with a solution for the enigma.

"The Cherry Tree," by Adrian Bell.
A beautiful story of farm life in England.

"A Family Affair," by Lillian Gill.
Brilliantly written.

"Sons," by Pearl S. Buck.
One of the outstanding works of our time.

"Farewell Miss Julie Logan," by J. M. Barrie.
In the fourth dimension.

"God's Angry Man," by Leonard Ehrlich.
A dramatic novel on John Brown.

"Flowering Wilderness," by John Galsworthy.
The conflict of loyalties, and the sequel——

"Forgive Us Our Trespasses," by Lloyd Douglas.
The core of religion.

"Mother and Four," by Isabel Wilder.
A real family in a real town.

"Ann Vickers," by Sinclair Lewis.
The story is better than the heroine.

"The Narrow Corner," by Somerset Maugham.
A skilful presentation of hopelessness.

"Never Ask the End," by Isabel Paterson.
The whole is less than the sum of its parts.

VERSE

"The Renaissance," by Abe Craddock Edmunds.
Powerfully dramatic.

"Song of the New Hercules," by Leigh Hanes.
Charming nature poems.

"Nicodemus," by E. A. Robinson.
Thoughtful analysis.

"Poems," by Padraic Colum.
Real and faery.

"Rip Tide," by W. R. Benét.
An exciting novel in verse.

"Conquistador," by Archibald MacLeish.
History in verse.

"Earth's Processional," by David Morton.
Beautiful pictures of seasonal changes.

"A Flagon of Beauty," by Wilson MacDonald.
Imaginative and masculine.

"Caw Caw Ballads," by Wilson MacDonald.
Satirical humor.

"Sonnets," by Mary D. Thayer.
Feeling and aspiration.

Among the recent books, I especially commend a volume of travel and exploration profusely illustrated, by Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., of Harvard, and Theodore Roosevelt. This is called "Three Kingdoms of Indo-China," and describes the hunt for specimens of wild animals and the wild country where they live. It is extremely well written, and makes vivid a part of the world hitherto little known. I had rather read this account of it than see it; though I envy the explorers their dugout trips through river rapids.

Fannie Hurst's best novel is "Imitation of Life." It is certainly a good imitation, for the characters and their actions and their thoughts are verifiable. Through the accurate representation, one feels the unexpressed but profound sympathy of the author for all the struggling men and women who face the problems of existence.

A jolly book, full of good stories and warm-hearted affection, is "My Friends Look Good to Me," by the artist Joseph Cummings Chase. Pen-portraits as faithful as are the numerous pictures bring very close to the reader scores of well-known writers, actors, singers, composers. The frontispiece is a characteristic presentment of the beloved James T. Powers. There are seventy-five illustrations; the reproductions in tone are from portraits painted in oils; the rest are sketches in pencil and in charcoal.

Carroll J. Daly, one of the best of the crime novelists, has given us once more Race Williams in action, in a book called "The Amateur Murderer," where every page has a thrill. Hugh Clevely, whose story "The Gang Smasher" is one of my favorites, has written one just as good called "Fraser Butts In."

Alan Villiers, the young Australian whose book "By Way of Cape Horn" seems to me the best record of a sailing-ship's voyage since "Two Years Before the Mast," has produced another masterpiece in "Grain Race," the account of a race among sailing vessels in 1932 from Australia to England. He is not only a thoroughly capable seaman, who would have been at home on any clipper ship in the good old times, he is a literary artist. He seems to know instinctively what will be of most interest to the average intelligent reader. It is a tribute to the adventurous spirit of our youth of today that instead of finding difficulties in obtaining a crew, he had to refuse hundreds of applications! These boys knew that the voyage would be one of horrible hardships, with a fair chance of death; yet they were eager for the experience. One of the finest qualities of young men is their preference for adventure over comfort.

LISTS FROM CANADA

At my request, the distinguished Canadian, Wilson MacDonald, sends some lists which are of especial interest and value, because their maker looks at us from another country and is himself a poet.

TEN BEST POEMS WRITTEN IN THE UNITED STATES

(POETS OF THE PAST)

The Haunted Palace—Poe.
When Lilacs Last—Whitman.
Song of the Open Road—Whitman.
Threnody—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
The Humble Bee—Emerson.
The Water Fowl—Bryant.
Thanatopsis—Bryant.
"When on my day of Life"—Whittier.
The Virginians Are Coming Again—Vachel Lindsay.
The Marshes of Glynn—Sidney Lanier.

TEN BEST POETS (OF THE PAST)

Emerson.
Whitman.
Lindsay, Vachel.
Poe.
Bryant.
Whittier
Lanier.
Dickinson, Emily.
Lowell.
Longfellow.

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TEN BEST POETS (LIVING) IN THE UNITED STATES

Robinson.	Morgan, Angela.
Frost.	Wheelock.
Auslander.	Benét, S. V.
Millay.	Benét, W.
Branch.	Sandburg.

CANADIAN POETS

(LIVING MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK)

Grade (a)
Archibald Lampman.
Bliss Carman.
Charles G. D. Roberts.*
Duncan Campbell Scott.*
Tom Macinnes.*
Marjorie Pickthall.

Grade (b)
Theodore Harding Rand.
(Grade (a) but small output)
Pauline Johnson.
Isabella W. Crawford.
William Wilfrid Campbell.
Frances Sherman.
George Frederick Cameron.

Grade (c)
Frederick George Scott.*
Arthur Stringer.*
Theodore Roberts.*
Norman Guthrie.
W. H. Drummond.
Charles Mair.
Edwin Pratt.*
Annie Dalton.*
Verna Sheard.*

Grade (d)
Katherine Hale.*
Robert Norwood.
Robert Service.*
Mrs. Bowman.*

The English climate has a defender in A. Wynne-Jones, who writes me the following interesting letter.

On page 127 of the February issue you say "—the English climate, which was as detestable then as it is now." Please do not say such things!

I have the impression (formed I think by the liberality of your views towards this country) that you have been to England. If you have, you stayed no doubt in London, and thought it was England. But have you stayed in Hoylake? Last year we had about 1600 hours of sunshine (I have not the exact figure before me, but I feel sure it was not 16000). Summer began on the 21st June and ended on the 20th of September. Did it begin earlier and end later in other parts of the world? And fine weather, mark you, overlapped at both ends, into spring and autumn. We had about three (separate) days of nice clean sea-fog. Do you tell me that cloudless sky is the chief desideratum of a summer's day? I don't agree. Give me a sky-full of magnificent cumulus clouds any day. When I worked in the Canadian Middle West I grew fed-up with the incessant blue sky and blazing sun, and welcomed with delight the thunderstorm which, in August, I seem to remember, blew up every afternoon.

So far this winter, snow has lain on the ground only two days. I admit with regret that at the present moment the greater part of the rest of England and Wales is up to the eyes in it. (Jan. 28)

Since you have ventured into the domain of meteorology, and that in the Literary Column, perhaps you will favour your readers with your views on what constitutes the ideal climate?

Shakespeare was also afraid of night, by the way. Is that any reason why night should be spoken of slightingly?

The reason we talk so much about the weather is because it is one of the most interesting subjects open to discussion. I have been in every county of England, in many of them on a bicycle; I have observed the weather in Southern France, California, Georgia, Florida, and New England. The British climate is not good. In the seventeenth century, when the Reverend Jeremy Collier attacked the immorality and profaneness of the English stage, the dramatist Congreve replied that in a climate so depressing as that of England, immorality in the theatres was really necessary, to make the people forget the weather. As for night, I particularly call the attention of my correspondent to the New Testament, which expressly states that in Heaven there will be no night. It is fortunate that we love the climate of our native land. Many a Scotsman under the sun of India is homesick for the gray metropolis of the North.

The accomplished English writer, Frederic Whyte, whose admirable biography of William Heinemann I reviewed in this column, has been on a holiday, and writes from Chipping Campden in Gloucestershire.

I have been reading with keen enjoyment your "As I Like It" pages in SCRIBNER'S for 1930 Jan.–June which I brought with me to this holiday retreat from the London Library a week ago. Turning from the very last page of it this morning and the remarks thereon about "stand for it," I happened on the enclosed in today's *Times*.

Rather a coincidence!

AMERICAN PREPOSITIONS

To the Editor of *The Times*

Sir,—"In order to try out the possibilities of these new methods"—did Mr. Baldwin really say that at Cambridge on Friday? I cannot believe that you would put an Americanism into his mouth. It is not for a mere M.A. to criticize his Chancellor; but am I to take it that the Chancellor admitted this phrase, as it were, to an honorary degree? "To try out"—are we to accept it as English, and Cambridge? Out upon him!

Do you notice how "out" creeps in? St. Paul long ago told us to work out our own salvation; endless people tell us to look out; "little Orphint Annie" (she was American, though, from Indiana) warned us that "the goblins will get you if you don't watch out." When Professor Kapitza and his staff have "tried out" their methods, does Mr. Baldwin expect them to "win out" or to "lose out"? I respectfully hope neither.

That raises yet another point. Lewis Carroll, when he described Hiawatha's photographing, ended his tale by narrating how—

He left them in a hurry,
Left them in a mighty hurry,
Stating that he would not stand it,
Stating in emphatic language
What he'd be before he'd stand it.

Now, though the metre is American (really Finnish, I believe), that is honest English, isn't it? But to-day in America Hiawatha would say "he wouldn't stand for it." I hope Mr. Baldwin would *not* say it; and if, as Chancellor, he says he will not "stand" all this from me, I hope you, Sir, will stand up for me.

Yours, &c.,
T. R. GLOVER.

Cambridge, Feb. 4.

Professor T. R. Glover is Public Orator at Cambridge, and is rightly jealous of the King's English; but there is one expression where "out" is used constantly in England and almost never in America—when an athlete in a match does his uttermost, he goes "all out" for it.

From H. J. Carter, of Garrawilla, Wahroonga, N. S. Wales, Australia.

As an old—in two senses—admirer of your pages in SCRIBNER, I should like to see your comments on the following.

A. We say Tom's dog or the dog of Tom's. Why not the dog of Tom?

The man's strength or the strength of the man.

Your house or the house of yours. Why not the house of you?

B. A common instance of shoddy English found in many authors of today (I do not say today's)—taken from a well known writer. Clemence Dane "Works of Thackeray, Dickens and Samuel Butler, the *latter* being the favoured author."

C. While wondering at the general acceptance of "labor," "color," "honor," & the like, in American English, in spite of the Oxford dictionary, there is the justification of the original Latin, but "harbor," surely, is a barbarism. If the modern demands a cut, why not "harber," or "harbur" as being nearer the original?

Much of our spelling is the work of the devil—the printer's devil—from the days of Caxton to that of Scribner, but the devil's employer, too hurried or careless in these times, is also responsible.

The "dog of Tom" is logical but awkward, and English is neither phonetic nor logical. "The latter" deserves condemnation. In America one sees "honour" on wedding invitations, and usually "honor" elsewhere. But the English spelling, with the u in labour, colour, harbour, etc., is steadily becoming more common in books written by our

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leading American writers. Personally I prefer it, and always use it in books where the publishers will allow me to do so. As for "harbor" I repeat that English is not logical.

From Andrew W. Blackwood, Jr., of Princeton, N. J.

Dear Dr. Phelps,

In the March SCRIBNER'S, you said that the most important works of Mark Twain were: *Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson,* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*

I have read and reread all of these books, and have no complaint to make at your classing them among the best works of this great author, but, there is one serious omission. I refer to *A Tramp Abroad.*

Most people have never heard of this book, and even fewer have read it, but most of those who have read the report of the tramping expedition through Europe are confirmed believers in its superiority over all of Twain's other works.

Well, I am glad to see this praise of "A Tramp," and shall hereafter include it among the major works, though I would not trade any of those mentioned above for it.

From Arnold Furst, of New York City:

. . . You remember the painting by Tiepolo (whose work was usually in fresco) in the Metropolitan Museum of Art here in New York. To freshen your recollection, it shows one of the doges of Venice on his knees in the Piazza San Marco, very near the column upon which St. Theodore never ceases his prodding of the patient crocodile. The doge is surrounded by some of the Venetian nobility. Above him, firmly seated upon some adequate clouds, and surrounded by cherubs, is the Saviour. I was looking at this painting one day when a large woman (her size, of course, has nothing to do with the story, but is put in to lend verisimilitude, etc.) and a young male child, presumably her son, stopped before the picture. I am not sure about the paternity; and possibly her husband was not either; but that also is another story. The boy said "Mama, what is that picture?" The woman said, reading the title affixed to the painting, "I dunno. —It says 'The doggie of Venice worshipping before the Saviour.'" Then, pointing to the lion of St. Mark, which was painted in the left lower corner, she said "And I guess that is the doggie." I assure you this is not a manufactured story. It actually happened.

From Susan M. Wood, of New York City:

Because I am in hearty sympathy with your efforts to further a more precise and careful use of the English language, I venture to ask why Mr. William Faulkner is permitted to write:

". . . old Bayard, who was her half-brother (though possibly but not probably neither of them knew it, including Bayard's father) . . ."

(SCRIBNER'S, January 1933, page 10)

If your own magazine will print such an inexcusable combination of words, what hope is there for maintaining the language!

I plead guilty to the following indictment from F. M. Clouter of Little, Brown & Co.:

May I gently ask the good physician to heal himself? We all have our peccadillos of grammar, and one of mine is care in the use of the possessive form following the preposition, of. You remember, no doubt, the sentences: This is a picture of John. This is a picture of John's. To come to the point, in your review of "Ann Vickers" you say that Sinclair Lewis's method is "the opposite of Pearl Buck." Not really! It is particularly in newspaper stories that I notice a practically 100 per cent blindness to this form of error. I'll grant any one all the "ain'ts" (first person singular) he can use if he will make sense with his language by the right use of the possessive in the connection I have mentioned.

The FANO CLUB adds to its membership Mrs. Gould Stebbins, of Stamford, Conn.

I welcome Allen Learning Weatherby, Harvard, 1934, into the FAERY QUEENE CLUB. He read the entire poem during the Reading Period at Harvard in January.

A short time ago I made the remark in *Delineator* that Wagner's fame and his influence are in their *dawn.* Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the distinguished music critic of *The New York Herald Tribune,* writes me:

I think that's a remarkable saying, and a true one. Instead of being "Old Hat," as certain jaunty ignoramuses of our day assert, Wagner is, I am convinced, *just beginning* to come into his own. The real nature of his achievement as an artist is not yet generally recognized. I wish you'd write more on the subject. Your voice carries far.

Sincere and candid pessimism is refreshing. A little while ago, while crossing New York City in a taxi, I was held up by a funeral, and came to anchorage alongside the hearse. The coffin was visible through the glass. My taxi driver pointed to the coffin, and said, "I don't know who he is, but *he ain't missin' anything!*"

Note: If you would like to have a copy of Professor Phelps's list of the 100 best books of the past year, annotated with publishers and prices, write to the Readers' Service Department, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing an addressed and stamped envelope.

Among the books listed in the April SCRIBNER'S were two by Wilson MacDonald—"Caw Caw Ballads" and "A Flagon of Beauty." These are now published at The Maple Leaf Press, Middlefield, Conn. The prices are $1.50 for the former and $2.50 for the latter.

MEN WHO MEAN SOMETHING

A series of biographies in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

"What Bryan Did to America" by J. C. Long in the July SCRIBNER'S is the second of the biographies of important men who have influenced the course of the United States. Others in the series will be:

"Mark Hanna—Big Business in Politics" by John T. Flynn

"Edison, an American Symbol" by C. Hartley Grattan

"Admiral Mahan, the Father of 'Sea Power'" by Louis Hacker

"A Wild Surmise—De Lesseps and the Panama Canal" by Roger Burlingame

Also biographies by Henry F. Pringle and Ernest Sutherland Bates.

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DEATH THE PROUD BROTHER

Continued from page 338

upper air, that never ceases, no matter what men live or die. The voice of time is distant and remote and yet it has all of the voice of million-noted life within its murmur, it feeds on life and yet it lives above it and apart from it, it broods forever like the flowing of a river round the Fair. Here was the Fair: here were fixed flow and changeless change, immutable movement, the eternity of the earth haunted by the phantasmal briefness of our days.

Therefore when I looked at the spare webbing of this building on that shining day, and knew that those ingots of lean steel, those flat blocks of fashionable limestone which already sheeted the building's basal front, and which in their slender elegance were somehow like the hips of the women that the building would adorn, had been spun marvellously from the gossamer substance of Parisian frocks, distilled out of the dearest perfumes in the world, shaped from the cunning in man's brain, and from the magic in a woman's hands—it all seemed good and wonderful to me.

For above, beyond, and through that web of steel, and over the whole pulse and surge of life in the great street, over all the sparkling surge and shift of the great Fair, I saw suddenly the blazing image of my mistress's jolly, delicate, and rosy face of noble beauty. And the image of that single face seemed to give a tongue to joy, a certitude to all the power and happiness I felt, to resume into its small circle, as into the petals of a flower, all of the glory, radiance, and variousness of life and of the street, until a feeling of such triumph and belief surged up in me that I thought I could eat and drink the city, and possess the earth.

Quite suddenly, as I stood there looking at the little figures of the men who were working on the building, walking along high up against the crystal air with a corky and scuttling movement as they swarmed back and forth across the girders, the thing happened with the murderous nonchalance of horror in a dream. Nine floors above the earth, a little figure was deftly catching in a bucket the nails or rivets of red-hot steel which a man with tongs was tossing to him from the forge. For a moment, the feeder had paused in his work, had turned, tongs in hand, for a breather, and had spoken to a man upon another girder. The catcher, meanwhile, grateful for this respite, had put his bucket down and stood erect, a cigarette between his lips, the small flame of a match held in the cave of his brown cupped hands. Then the feeder, his throat still loud with laughter from some scrap of bawdry irrelevant to steel, turned to his forge, gripped with his tongs a glowing rivet, and his throat still trembling with its laughter, tossed deftly, absently, casually, in its accustomed art, that nail of fire. His scream broke in upon the echoes of his laughter, carrying to the glut of faultless and accurate machinery in the street below him its terrible message of human error.

His scream was "Christ!" and at that word so seldom used for love and mercy the startled eyes of the other man leaped from his match upon the death that whizzed toward him. Even in the six feet of life that still remained to him, his body had its time for several motions. It half turned, the knees bent as if for a spring out into space, the shoulder stooped, the big brown hands groping in a futile, incompleted gesture for the bucket. Then, half crouched and rigid with palms curved out in a kind of grotesque and terrible entreaty, and one foot groping horribly into thin air, he met his death squarely, fronting it. For a moment after the rivet struck him, his body paused, crouched, rigid, like a grotesque image, groping futilely and horribly into space with one clumsy foot, and with a wire of acrid smoke uncoiling at his waist. Then his shabby garments burst into a flame, the man pawed blindly out in sickening vacancy and fell, a blazing torch lit by a single scream.

So that rich cry fell blazing through the radiant and living air. It seemed to me that the cry had filled up life—for a moment I had the sense that all life was absolutely motionless and silent save for that one cry. Perhaps this was true. It is certain that all life in that building had ceased—where but a moment before there had been the slamming racket of the riveting machines, the rattling of the winches, and the hammering of the carpenters, there was now the silence of a cataleptic trance.

Above the street, delicate and spare in the blue weather, two girders swung gently in the clasp of the chain, but all machinery had stopped. The signal-man leaned over bent, staring, his hands still stretched in warning for his mate. The feeder sat astride a girder, gripping it in his curved hands, his face bent forward sightlessly in an oblivion of sick horror. The body had fallen like a mass of blazing oil waste, upon the wooden structure that covered the sidewalk, then bounced off into the street.

Then the illusion of frozen silence, which seemed to have touched all the world, was broken. That crowd, which in the city seems to be created on the spot, to spring up from the earth like Gorgon-seed for every calamity, had already grown dense at the spot where the man had fallen. Several policemen were there, mauling, cursing, thrusting back the thickening ring that terribly suggested flesh-flies that work on something dead or sweet. And all the gleaming machinery in the street—which had been halted by the traffic lights—was again in motion.

There had been threat of a longer halt, a disruption of that inevitable flow, because several of the human units in the foremost squadrons of motors, who had witnessed the accident, refused now, under the strong drug of horror, to "click" as good machinery ought. But they were whipped into action after a moment's pause by a ponderous traffic cop, who stood in the center of the street, swinging his mighty arm back and forth like a flail, sowing the air with rich curses, his accents thickened in the long ape-like upper lip. So, the lights burned green again, the clamors in the street awoke, the hot squadrons of machinery crawled up and down: an army of great beetles driven by an ape. Then the racket of the riveters began again, high up above the street in the blue air the long arm of the derrick moved, a chain with its balanced weight of steel swung in and down.

Already the body had been carried inside the building, the police were

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charging like bulls into the persistent crowd, dispersing them. In a closed car, a young woman, bright with the hard enamel of city elegance, stared through the window, her little gloved hand clenched upon the glass, her face full of manicured distress. And as she looked, she kept murmuring sharply and monotonously: "Quick! quick! be quick!" Before her, her driver bent stolidly over his work. He was upset, but he could not show it. Perhaps he was thinking: "Jesus! I've got to get her out of this quick. What'll he say if she tells him about it? He can't blame me. I can't help what the *other* guy does! That's *his* lookout. You never know what is going to happen. A guy's got to think of everything at once."

He took a chance. Smoothly, swiftly, he skirted three cars and slid into the first rank between cursing drivers, just as the lights changed. The lady settled back in her seat with a look of relief. Thank Heaven, that was over! George was so smart. He got in ahead of every one: you never knew how he did it! He had done *that* beautifully.

I leaned against a building. I felt empty and dizzy. It seemed to me suddenly that I had only two dimensions—that everything was like something cut out of stiff paper, with no thickness.

"Brightness falls from the air." Yes, brightness had fallen suddenly from the air, and with it all the marrowy substance of life. The vitality of life and air and people was gone. What remained to me was only a painting of warmth and color that my sick eyes viewed with weariness and disbelief. Everything in that street went up and down. It seemed to me suddenly that everything was thin, two-dimensioned, without body and fullness. The street, the people, the tall thin buildings: these were all plane lines and angles. There were no curves in the street—the only thing that curved had been that one rich cry.

And just as the light of noon had gone out of the day so had the image of that woman's face, struck by the casual horror of this death with all its evocations of a life she knew, now suffered a transforming and sorrowful change.

For where that radiant, good, and lovely face had just the moment before wrought for me its magic certitude and unity of exultant joy, now all this magic world of health and life was shattered by this nameless death, was drowned out in the torrent of this man's nameless blood, and I could see her face no longer as it had looked at noon.

Rather that man's blood and death had awakened the whole black ruin in my heart, the hideous world of death-in-life had instantly returned with all its thousand phantom shapes of madness and despair and, intolerably, unanswerably, like the unsearchable mystery of love and death, the bitter enigma of that face of radiant life was now fixed among these shapes of death to drive me mad with its unsearchable mystery.

For in the image of that face was held all the pity and the wild regret of love that had to die and was undying, of beauty that must molder into age and wither to a handful of dry dust and yet was high as a star, as timeless as a river, undwarfed beneath the whole blind horror of the universe, and taller than man's tallest towers, and more enduring than steel and stone.

And then the shapes of death would wake and move around her, and I could only see her now fixed and secure in an infamous and arrogant power, which could not be opposed or beaten by any man, and against which, like a maddened animal, I could do nothing but batter my life and brains out on the pavements, as this man had done, or madden horribly into a furious death among the other nameless, faceless, man-swarm atoms of the earth.

I saw her, impregnably secure in an immense, complex, and corrupt city-life—a life poisonous, perverse, and sterile that moved smoothly in great chambers of the night ablaze with baleful suavities of vanity and hate, where the word was always fair and courteous, and the eye forever old and evil with the jubilation of a filthy consent. It was a world of the infamous dead so powerful in the entrenchments of its obscene wealth, its corruption that was amorous of death and faithlessness, its insolence of a jaded satiety, and its appalling weight of number and amount that it crushed man's little life beneath its ramified assault and killed and mutilated every living thing it fed upon—not only the heart and spirit of youth, with all the hope and pride and anguish in him, but also the life and body of some obscure worker whose name it did not know, whose death, in its remote impregnability, it would never hear or care about.

I tried to get the fingers of my hate upon that immense and shifting world of shapes and phantoms, but I could not. I could track nothing to its tangible source, trace nothing to some fatal certitude. Words, whispers, laughter, even an ounce of traitorous flesh, all the immense and moving tapestry of that cruel and phantasmal world were all impalpable and hovered above me, the deathless and invincible legend of scorn and defeat.

Then, even as I stood there in the street, the blind horror left me with the magic instancy in which it always came and went; all around me people seemed to live and move, and it was noon, and I could see her face the way it was again, and thought that it was the best face in the world, and knew that there was no one like her.

Two men came rapidly back across the street from the dispersing crowd and one of them was talking in a low earnest tone to the other:

"Jeez!" he said. "Dat gul! Did yuh see her? Sure, sure, he almost fell on top of her! . . . Sure, dat's what I'm tellin' yuh! . . . She fainted! . . . Dey had to carry her into a stoeh! . . . Jeez!" he said. In a moment and in a quietly confidential tone he added: "Say—dat makes duh fourth one on dat building—did yuh know dat?"

Then I saw a man beside me with a proud, shrinking, and sensitive face, set in a blind sightless stare that kept looking through people, feeding on something that could not be seen. As I looked, he moved, turned his head slowly, and presently in the dull voice of some one who has had an opiate he said "What? The fourth? The fourth?"—although no one had spoken to him. Then he moved his thin hand slowly, and with an almost meditative gesture over his forehead and eyes, sighed wearily and slowly like some one waking from a trance or some strong drug, and then began to walk ahead uncertainly.

This was the third time I saw death in the city.

Later, the thing I was to remember vividly about these three deaths, in contrast to the fourth one which I will

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now describe to you, was this: That where the first three deaths had come by violence, where almost every circumstance of horror, sudden shock, disgust and terror, was present to convulse the hearts and sicken and wither up the flesh of those who saw death come, the city people, when their first surprise was over, had responded instantly to death, accepting its violence, bloody mutilation, and horror calmly, as one of the natural consequences of daily life. But the fourth time that I saw death come, the city people were stunned, awed, bewildered, and frightened, as they had not been before; and yet the fourth death had come so quietly, easily, and naturally that it seemed as if even a child could have looked at it without terror or surprise.

This is the way it happened:

At the heart and core of the most furious center of the city's life—below Broadway at Times Square—a little after one o'clock in the morning, bewildered, aimless, having no goal or place to which I wished to go, with the old chaos and unrest inside me, I had thrust down the stairs out of the great thronging street, the tidal swarm of atoms who were pressing and hurrying forward in as fierce a haste to be hurled back into their cells again as they had shown when they had rushed out into the streets that evening.

Thus, we streamed down from free night into the tunnel's stale and fetid air again, we swarmed and hurried across the floors of gray cement, we rushed and pushed our way along as furiously as if we ran a race with time, as if some great reward were to be won if only we could save two minutes, or as if we were hastening onward, as fast as we could go, toward some glorious meeting, some happy and fortunate event, some goal of beauty, wealth, or love on whose shining mark our eyes were fastened.

Then, as I put my coin into the slot, and thrust on through the wooden turnstile, I saw the man who was about to die. The place was a space of floor, a width of cement which was yet one flight above the level of the trains, and the man was sitting on a wooden bench which had been placed there to the left, as one went down the incline to the tunnel.

The man just sat there quietly at one end of the bench, leaned over slightly to his right with his elbow resting on the arm of the bench, his hat pulled down a little, and his face half lowered. At this moment, there was a slow, tranquil, hardly perceptible movement of his breath—a flutter, a faint sigh—and the man was dead. In a moment, a policeman who had watched him casually from a distance walked over to the bench, bent down, spoke to him, and then shook him by the shoulder. As he did so, the dead man's body slipped a little, his arm slid over the end of the bench and stayed so, one hand hanging over, his shabby hat jammed down, a little to one side, upon his head, his overcoat open, and his short right leg drawn stiffly back. Even as the policeman shook him by the shoulder, the man's face was turning gray, and yet no one would say so. By this time a few people out of the crowds that swarmed constantly across the floor, had stopped to look, stared curiously and uneasily, started to go on, and then had come back. Now, a few of them were standing there, just looking, saying nothing, casting uneasy and troubled looks at one another from time to time.

And yet I think that we all knew the man was dead. By this time another policeman had arrived, was talking quietly to the other one, and now he, too, began to look curiously at the dead man, went over and shook him by the shoulder as the other one had done, and then after a few quiet words with his comrade, had walked off rapidly. In a minute or two he came back again and another policeman was with him. They talked together quietly for a moment. One of them bent over and searched his pockets, finding a dirty envelope, a wallet, and a grimy-looking card. After prying into the purse and taking notes upon their findings they just stood beside the dead man, waiting.

The dead man was a shabby-looking fellow of an age hard to determine, but he was scarcely under fifty, and hardly more than fifty-five. And, had one sought long and far for the true portrait of the pavement cipher, the composite photograph of the man-swarm atom, he could have found no better specimen than this man. His only distinction was that there was nothing to distinguish him from a million other men. He had the kind of face that one sees ten thousand times a day upon the city streets, but cannot remember later.

This face, which even when alive, it is true, was of a sallow, sagging, somewhat paunchy and unwholesome hue and texture, was dryly and unmistakably Irish—city-Irish—with the mouth thin, sunken, slightly bowed, and yet touched with something loose and sly, a furtive and corrupt humor. And the face was also surly, hang-dog, petulant, and servile—the face of one of those little men—a door-man at a theatre, a janitor in a shabby warehouse, office building, or cheap apartment house, the father-in-law of a policeman, the fifth cousin of a desk-sergeant, the uncle of a ward heeler's wife, a pensioned door-opener, office-guarder, messenger, or question-evader for some Irish politician, schooled to vote dutifully for "the boys" upon election day, and flung his little scrap of patronage for service rendered and silence kept, apt at servility, fawning, cringing to those sealed with the mark of privilege and favor, and apt at snarling, snapping, gratuitous and impudent discourtesy to those who had no power, no privilege, no special mark of favor or advancement to enlarge them in his sight. Such was indubitably the man who now sat dead upon the subway bench.

And that man's name was legion, his number myriad. On his gray face, on his dead sunken mouth the ghost of his still recent life and speech sat incredibly, until it seemed we heard him speak, listened to the familiar tones of his voice again, knew every act and quality of his life, as certainly as if he were yet alive, as he snarled at one man: "I can't help dat, I don't know nuttin' about dat, misteh. All I know is dat I got my ordehs, an' my ordehs is to keep every one out unless dey can prove dey've gotta date wit' Misteh Grogan. How do *I* know who you are? How can *I* tell what yoeh business is? What's dat got to do wit' me? No, seh! Unless you can prove you gotta date wit' Misteh Grogan, I can't let yuh in. . . . Dat may be true . . . and den again it may not be. . . . Wat t' hell am *I* supposed t' be? A mind-readeh, or somp'n? . . . No, misteh! Yuh can't come in! . . . I got my ordehs an' dat's all I know."

And yet, the next moment, this same voice could whine with a protesting servility, its aggrieved apology to the same man, or to another one: "W'y

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didn't yuh say yuh was a friend of Misteh Grogan's? . . . W'y didn't yuh tell me befoeh you was his brudder-in-law? . . . If yuh'd told me dat, I'd a-let yuh by in a minute. Yuh know how it is," here the voice would drop to cringing confidence, "so many guys come in here every day an' try to bust dere way right in to Misteh Grogan's office when dey got no bizness dere. . . . Dat's duh reason dat I gotta be kehful. . . . But now dat I know dat you're O. K. wit' Misteh Grogan," it would say fawningly, "you can go on in any time yuh like. Any one dat's O. K. wit' Misteh Grogan is *all right,"* that voice would say with crawling courtesy. "Yuh know how it is," it whispered, rubbing sly, unwholesome fingers on one's sleeve, "I didn't mean nuttin'—but a guy in my position has gotta be kehful."

Yes, that was the voice, that was the man, as certainly as if that dead mouth had just moved, that dead tongue stirred and spoken to us its language. There he was, still with the sallow hue of all his life upon his face, as it faded visibly, terribly before us to the gray of death. Poor, shabby, servile, fawning, snarling, and corrupted cipher, poor, meagre, cringing, contriving, cunning, drearily hopeful, and dutifully subservient little atom of the million-footed city. Poor, dismal, ugly, sterile, shabby little man —with your little scrabble of harsh oaths, and cries, and stale constricted words, your pitiful little designs and feeble purposes, with your ounce of brain, your thimbleful of courage, the huge cargo of your dull and ugly superstitions. Oh, you wretched little thing of dough and tallow, you eater of poor foods and drinker of vile liquors. Joy, glory, and magnificence were here for you upon this earth, but you scrabbled along the pavements rattling a few stale words like gravel in your throat, and would have none of them, because the smell of the boss, the word of the priest, the little spare approvals of Mike, Mary, Molly, Kate, and Pat were not upon them—and tonight the stars shine, great ships are blowing from the harbor's mouth, and a million more of your own proper kind and quality go stamping on above your head, while you sit here *dead* in your gray tunnel!

We look at your dead face with awe, with pity, and with terror, because we know that you are shaped from our own clay and quality. Something of us all, the high, the low, the base, and the heroic, the rare, the common, and the glorious lies dead here in the heart of the unceasing city, and the destiny of all men living, yes, of the kings of the earth, the princes of the mind, the mightiest lords of language, and the deathless imaginers of verse, all the hope, hunger, and the earth-consuming thirst that can incredibly be held in the small prison of a skull, and that can rack and rend the little tenement of bright blood and agony in which it is confined, is written here upon this shabby image of corrupted clay.

The dead man was wearing nondescript clothing, and here again, in these dingy garments, the whole quality, the whole station of his life was evident, as if the clothes he wore had had a tongue, a character, and a language of their own. They said that the man had known poverty and a shabby security all his life, that his life had been many degrees above the moment-by-moment desperation of the vagabond and pauper, and many degrees below any real security, substance, or repose. His garments said that he had lived from month to month rather than from day to day, always menaced by the fear of some catastrophe—sickness, the loss of his job, the coming on of age—that would have dealt a ruinous blow to the slender resource which he built between him and the world, never free from the fear of these calamities, but always just escaping them.

He wore an unpressed baggy gray suit which he filled out pretty well, and which had taken on the whole sagging, paunchy, and unshapely character of his own body. He had a small pot belly, a middling fleshiness and fullness which showed he had known some abundance in his life, and had not suffered much from hunger. He was wearing a dingy old brown felt hat, a shabby gray overcoat, and a ragged red scarf—and in all these garments there was a quality of use and wear and shabbiness that was inimitable and that the greatest costume-artist in the world could never have duplicated by intent.

The lives of millions of people were written in these garments. In their sag and hang and worn dingy textures, the shabby lives of millions of pavement ciphers were legible, and this character was so strong and legible that as the dead man sat there and his face took on the corpsen gray of death, his body seemed to shrink, to dwindle, to withdraw visibly before our eyes out of its last relationship with life, and the clothes themselves took on a quality and character that were far more living than the shape they covered.

Meanwhile, the dead man's face had grown ghastly with the strange real-unreality of death that has such terrible irony in it, for, as one looks, the face and figure of the dead man seem to have no more of the substance of mortal flesh than a waxen figure in a museum, and to smile, to mock, to stare, to mimic life in the same ghastly and unreal manner that a waxen figure would.

The turnstiles kept clicking with their dull wooden note, the hurrying people kept swarming past over the gray cement floor, the trains kept roaring in and out of the station below with a savage grinding vibrance, and from time to time, out of these swarming throngs, some one would pause, stare curiously for a moment, and stay. By this time, a considerable number of people had gathered in a wide circle about the bench on which the dead man sat, and curiously, although they would not go away, they did not press in, or try to thrust their way up close, as people do when some violent, bloody, or fatal accident has occurred.

Instead, they just stood there in that wide semi-circle, never intruding farther, looking at one another in an uneasy and bewildered manner, asking each other questions in a low voice from time to time which, for the most part, went unanswered since the person asked would squirm, look at his questioner uneasily and with wavering eyes, and then, muttering "I don't know" with a slight gesture of his arms and shoulders, would sidle or shuffle away. And from time to time the policemen, whose number by this time had grown to four, and who just stood around the man's body with a waiting and passive vacancy, would suddenly start, curiously and almost comically, into violent activity, and would come thrusting and shoving at the ring of people, pushing them back and saying in angry and impatient voices: "All right, now! Break it up! Break it up! Break it up! Go on! Go on! Go on! Yuh're blockin' up duh passage-

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way! Go on! Go on! Break it up, now! Break it up!"

And the crowd obediently would give ground, withdraw, shuffle around, and then with the invincible resiliency of a rope of rubber or a ball of mercury would return, coming back once more into their staring, troubled, uneasily whispering circle.

Meanwhile, the wooden stiles kept clicking with their dull, dead, somewhat thunderous note, the people kept thronging past to get their trains, and in their glances, attitudes, and gestures when they saw the ring of staring people and the man upon the bench, there was evident all of the responses which it is possible for men to have when they see death.

Some people would come by, pause, stare at the man, and then begin to whisper to one another in low uneasy tones: "What's wrong with him? Is he sick? Did he faint? Is he drunk—or something?" to which a man might answer, looking intently for a moment at the dead man's face, and then crying out heartily, with a hard derisive movement of his hand, and yet with something troubled and uncertain in his voice: "Nah! He's not sick. Duh guy is drunk! Dat's all it is. Sure! He's just passed out. . . . Look at dem all standin' dere, lookin' at duh guy!" he jeered, "Yuh'd t'ink dey neveh saw a drunk befoeh. Come on!" he cried. "Let's go!" And they would hurry on, while the man mocked at the crowd with hard derisive laughter.

And indeed, the dead man's posture and appearance as he sat there on the bench with his shabby old hat pushed forward over his head, one leg drawn stiffly back, his right hand hanging over the edge of the bench, and his thin, sunken Irish mouth touched by a faint, loose, rather drunken smile, was so much like the appearance of a man in a drunken stupor that many people, as soon as they saw his gray ghastly face, would cry out with a kind of desperate relief in their voices: "Oh! He's only drunk. Come on! Come on! Let's go!" —and would hurry on knowing in their hearts the man was dead.

Others would come by, see the dead man, start angrily, and then look at the crowd furiously, frowning, shaking their head in a movement of strong deprecation and disgust, and muttering under their breath before they went on, as if somehow the crowd were guilty of some indecent and disorderly act which their own decent and orderly souls abhorred.

Three little Jewesses and a young Jewish boy had come in together, and pressed up in a group into the circle of the crowd. For a moment the girls stood there, staring, frightened, huddled in a group, while the boy had looked in a rather stupid and bewildered manner at the dead man, finally saying nervously in a high stunned tone of voice: "What's wrong wit' him? Have dey called duh ambulance yet?"

No one in the ring of silent people answered him, but in a moment a taxi-driver, a man with a brutal heavy nighttime face, a swarthy, sallow, and pitted skin, and black hair and eyes, who wore a cap, a leather jacket, and a shirt of thick black wool—this man turned and, jerking his head contemptuously toward the boy without looking at him, began to address the people around him in a jeering and derisive tone:

"Duh *ambulance!*" he cried. "Duh *ambulance!* Wat t' hell's duh use of duh *ambulance!* Jesus! Duh guy's dead an' he wants t' know if any one has called duh ambulance!" he cried, jerking his head contemptuously toward the boy again, and evidently getting some kind of security and assurance from his own jeering and derisive words. "Jesus!" he snorted. "Duh guy's dead an' he wants to know w'y some one doesn't call duh ambulance!" And he went off snorting and sneering by himself saying "Jesus!" and shaking his head, as if the stupidity and folly of people were past his powers of understanding or belief.

Meanwhile the boy kept staring at the dead man on the bench with a dull fascinated eye of horror and disbelief. Presently he moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and spoke nervously and dully in a bewildered tone:

"I don't see him breathe or nuttin'," he said. "He don't move or nuttin'."

Then the girl beside him, who had been holding to his arm all this time, and who was a little Jewess with red hair, thin meagre features, and an enormous nose that seemed to overshadow her whole face, now plucked nervously and almost frantically at the boy's sleeve, as she whispered:

"Oh! Let's go! Let's get away from heah! . . . Gee! I'm shakin' all oveh! Gee! I'm tremblin'—look!" she whispered, holding up her hand which was trembling visibly. "Let's go!"

"I don't see him breathe or nuttin'," the boy muttered dully, staring.

"Gee! Let's go!" the girl whispered pleadingly again. "Gee! I'm so noivous I'm tremblin' like a leaf—I'm shakin' all oveh! Come on!" she whispered. "Come on! Let's go!" And all four of them, the three frightened girls and the stunned bewildered-looking boy, hurried away in a huddled group, and went down the incline into the tunnel.

And now the other people who up to this time had only stood, looked uneasily at one another, and asked perplexed and troubled questions which no one answered, began to talk quietly and whisper among themselves, and one caught the sound of the word "dead" several times. Having spoken and heard this word, all the people grew very quiet and still, and turned their heads slowly toward the figure of the dead man on the bench, and began to stare at him with a glance full of curiosity, fascination, and a terrible feeding hunger.

At this moment a man's voice was heard speaking quietly, and with an assurance and certainty which seemed to say for every one what they had been unable to say for themselves.

"Sure, he's dead. The man's dead." The quiet and certain voice continued, "I knew all the time that he was dead."

And at the same time a big soldier, who had the seamed and weathered face of a man who has spent years of service in the army, turned and spoke with a quiet and familiar assurance to a little dish-faced Irishman who was standing at his side.

"No matter where they kick off," he said, "they always leave that little black mark behind them, don't they?" His voice was quiet, hard, and casual as he spoke these words, and at the same time he nodded toward a small wet stain upon the cement near the dead man's foot where it had been drawn stiffly back.

The little dish-faced Irishman nodded as soon as the soldier had spoken, and with an air of conviction and agreement, said vigorously:

"You said it!"

At this moment, there was a shuffling

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commotion, a disturbance in the crowd near the gate beside the turnstiles, the people pressed back respectfully on two sides, and the ambulance doctor entered followed by two attendants, one of whom was bearing a rolled stretcher.

The ambulance surgeon was a young Jew with full lips, a somewhat receding chin, a little silky moustache, and a rather bored, arrogant and indifferent look upon his face. He had on a blue jacket, a flat blue cap with a visor which was pushed back on his head, and even as he entered and came walking slowly and indifferently across the cement floor, he had the tubes of the stethoscope fastened in his ears and was holding the end part in his hand. The two attendants followed him.

About every movement which the ambulance doctor made there was an air of habit, boredom, even weariness, as if he had been summoned too many times on errands such as this to feel any emotion of surprise, interest, or excitement any longer. As he approached the policemen, they separated and opened up a path for him. Without speaking to them he walked over to the dead man, unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it open, bent, and then began to use the stethoscope, listening carefully and intently for some seconds, then moving it to another place upon the dead man's tallowy, hairless, and ghastly-looking breast, and listening carefully again.

During all this time his face showed no emotion whatever of surprise, regret, or discovery. Undoubtedly, the doctor had known the man was dead the moment that he looked at him, and his duties now were only a part of that formality which law and custom demanded. But the people during all this time surged forward a little, with their gaze riveted on the doctor's face with awe, respect, and fascinated interest as if they hoped to read upon the doctor's face the confirmation of what they already knew themselves, or as if they expected to see there a look of developing horror, pity, or regret which would put the final stamp of conviction on their own knowledge. But they saw nothing in the doctor's face but deliberation, dutiful intentness, and a look almost of weariness and boredom.

When he had finished with the stethoscope, he got up, took it out of his ears, and then casually opened the half-shut eyelids of the dead man for a moment. The dead eyes stared with a ghastly bluish glitter. The doctor turned and spoke a few words quietly to the police who were standing around him with their note-books open, with the same air of patience, custom, and indifference, and for a moment they wrote dutifully in their little books. One of them asked him a question and wrote down what he said, and then the doctor was on his way out again, walking slowly and indifferently away, followed by his two attendants, neither of whom showed any curiosity or surprise. The dead man, in fact, seemed to be under the control of a régime which worked with a merciless precision, which could not be escaped or altered by a jot, and whose operations all of its servants—doctors, stretcher-bearers, policemen, and even the priests of the church—knew with a weary and unarguable finality.

The police, having written in their books and put the books away, turned and came striding toward the crowd again, thrusting and pushing them back, and shouting, as they had before: "Go on! Go on! Break it up, now! Break it up!"—but even in the way they did this, there was this same movement of régime and custom, a sense of weariness and indifference, and when the people surged back into their former positions with the maddening mercurial resiliency, the police said nothing and showed no anger or impatience. They took up their station around the dead man again, and waited stolidly, until the next move in their unalterable program should occur.

And now the people, as if the barriers of silence, restraint, and timidity had been broken, and the confusion and doubt in their own spirits dispersed by a final acknowledgment, and the plain sound of the word "death," which had at last been spoken openly, began to talk to one another easily and naturally as if they had been friends or familiar associates for many years.

A little to one side, and behind the outer ring of the crowd, three sleek creatures of the night and of the great street which roared on above our heads—a young smooth Broadwayite wearing a jaunty gray hat and a light spring overcoat of gray, cut inward toward the waist, an assertive and knowing-looking Jew, with a large nose, an aggressive voice, and a vulturesque smile, and an Italian, smaller, with a vulpine face, a ghastly yellow night-time skin, glittering black eyes and hair, all three smartly dressed and overcoated in the flashy Broadway manner—now gathered together as if they recognized in one another men of substance, worldliness, and knowledge. They began to philosophize in a superbly knowing manner, bestowing on life, death, the brevity of man's days, and the futility of man's hopes and aspirations, the ripe fruit of their experience. The Jew was dominantly the centre of this little group, and did most of the talking. In fact, the other two served mainly as a chorus to his harangue, punctuating it whenever he paused to draw breath with vigorous nods of agreement, and such remarks as "You said it!" "And I don't mean maybe!" or "Like I was sayin' to a guy duh otheh day—" an observation which was never completed, as the philosopher would be wound up and on his way again:

"And they ask us, f'r Christ's sake, to save for the future!" he cried, at the same time laughing with jeering and derisive contempt, "For the future!" Here he paused to laugh scornfully again. "When you see a guy like that you ask what for? Am I right?"

"You said it!" said the Italian, nodding his head with energetic assent.

"Like I was sayin' to a guy duh otheh day"—the other younger man began.

"Christ!" cried the Jew. "Save for the *future!* W'y the hell should *I* save for the future?" he demanded in a dominant and aggressive tone, tapping himself on the breast belligerently, glancing around as if some one had just tried to ram this vile proposal down his throat. "What's it goin' to getcha? You may be dead tomorrow! What the hell's the use in saving, f'r Christ's sake! We're only here for a little while. Let's make the most of it, f'r Christ's sake!—Am I right?" he demanded pugnaciously, looking around, and the others dutifully agreed that he was.

"Like I was sayin' to a guy duh otheh day," the young man said, "it only goes to show dat yuh——"

"Insurance!" the Jew cried at this point, with a loud scornful laugh. "The insurance companies, f'r Christ's sake! W'y the hell should any one spend their

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dough on insurance?" he demanded.

"Nah, nah, nah," the Italian agreed gutturally, with a smile of vulpine scorn, "dat's all a lotta crap."

"A lotta boloney," the young man said, "like I was sayin' to a guy duh otheh——"

"Insurance!" said the Jew. "W'y to listen to *those* bast*uds* talk you'd think a guy was gonna live forever! Save for the future, f'r Christ's sake," he snarled. "Put something by f'r your old age—your *old* age, f'r Christ's sake," he jeered, "when you may get what this guy got at any minute! Am I right?"

"You said it!"

"Put something by for a rainy day! Leave something for your children when you kick off!" he sneered. "W'y the hell should *I* leave anything for *my* children, f'r Christ's sake?" he snarled, as if the whole pressure of organized society and the demands of fifteen of his progeny had been brought to bear on him at this point. "No, sir!" he said. "Let my children look out for themselves the way *I* done!" he said. "Nobody ever did anything f'r me!" he said. "W'y the hell should *I* spend *my* life puttin' away jack for a lot of bastuds to spend who wouldn't appreciate it, noway! Am I right?"

"You said it!" said the Italian nodding. "It's all a lotta crap!"

"Like I was sayin' to dis guy—" the young man said.

"No, sir," said the Jew in a hard positive tone, and with a smile of bitter cynicism. "No, sir, misteh! Not for me! When I kick-off and they all gatheh around the big cawfin," he continued with a descriptive gesture, "I want them *all* to take a good long look," he said. "I want them all to take a good long look at me and say: 'Well, he didn't bring nothing with him when he came, and he's not taking anything with him when he goes—but there was a guy,'" the Jew said loudly, and in an impressive tone, "'there was a guy who spent it when he had it—and *who didn't miss a thing!*'" Here he paused a moment, grasped the lapels of his smart overcoat with both hands, and rocked gently back and forth from heel to toe, as he smiled a bitter and knowing smile.

"Yes, sir!" he said presently in a tone of hard assurance.

"Yes, sir! When I'm out there in that graveyahd pushin' daisies, I don't want no bokays! I want to get what's comin' to me here and now! Am I right?"

"You said it!" the Italian answered.

"Like I was sayin' to a guy duh otheh day," the young man now concluded with an air of triumph, "yuh neveh can tell. No, sir! Yuh neveh can tell what's goin' t' happen. You're here one day an' gone duh next—so wat t' hell!" he said. "Let's make duh most of it."

And they all agreed that he was right, and began to search the dead man's face again with their dark, rapt, fascinated stare.

Elsewhere now, people were gathering into little groups, beginning to talk, to discuss, debate, philosophize, even to smile and laugh, in an earnest and animated way. One man was describing his experience to a little group that pressed around him eagerly, telling again and again, with unwearied repetition, the story of what he had seen, felt, thought and done when he first saw the dead man.

"Sure! Sure!" he cried. "Dat's what I'm tellin' yuh. I seen him when he passed out. I was standin' not ten feet away from 'im! Sure! I watched 'im when he stahted gaspin' t' get his bret'. I was standin' dere. Dat's what I'm sayin'. I tu'ns to duh cop an' says, 'yuh'd betteh look afteh dat guy,' I says. 'Deh's somet'ing wrong wit' 'im,' I says. Sure! Dat's when it happened. Dat's what I'm tellin' yuh. I was standin' dere," he cried.

Meanwhile, two men and two women had come in and stopped. They all had the thick clumsy figures, the dull-red smouldering complexions, the thick taffy-colored hair, bleared eyes, and broad, blunted, smeared features of the Slavic races—of Lithuanians or Czechs—and for a while they stared stupidly and brutally at the figure of the dead man, and then began to talk rapidly among themselves in coarse thick tones, and a strange tongue.

And now, some of the people began to drift away, the throng of people swarming homeward across the cement floor had dwindled noticeably, and the circle of people around the dead man had thinned out, leaving only those who would stay like flesh-flies feeding on a carrion, until the body was removed.

A young Negro prostitute came through the gate and walked across the floor, glancing about her quickly with every step she took, and smiling a hideous empty smile with her thin encarmined lips. When she saw the circle of men she walked over to it and after one vacant look toward the bench where the dead man sat, she began to glance swiftly about her from right to left, displaying white, shining fragile-looking teeth.

The thin face of the young Negress, which was originally of a light coppery color, had been so smeared over with rouge and powder that it was now a horrible, dusky yellow-and-purplish hue, her black eyelashes were coated with some greasy substance which made them stick out around her large dark eyes in stiff greasy spines, and her black hair had been waved and was also coated with this grease.

She was dressed in a purple dress, wore extremely high heels which were colored red, and had the wide hips and the long thin ugly legs of the Negress. There was something at once horrible and seductive in her figure, in her thin stringy lower legs, her wide hips, her mongrel color, her meagre empty little whore's face, her thin encarmined lips, and her thin shining frontal teeth, as if the last atom of intelligence in her bird-twitter of brain had been fed into the ravenous maw of a diseased and insatiable sensuality, leaving her with nothing but this thin varnished shell of face, and the idiot and sensual horror of her smile which went brightly and impudently back and forth around the ring of waiting men.

Meanwhile, the Italian with the vulpine face, whose former companions, the Jew and the sleek young Broadwayite, had now departed, sidled stealthily over toward the Negress until he stood behind her. Then he eased up on her gently, his glittering eye and livid face feeding on her all the time in a reptilian stare, until his body was pressed closely against her buttocks, and his breath was hot upon her neck. The Negress said nothing but looked swiftly around at him with her bright smile of idiot and sensual vacancy, and in a moment started off rapidly, stepping along on her high red heels and long stringy legs, and looking back swiftly toward the Italian, flashing her painted lips and shining teeth at him in a series of seductive invitations to pursuit. The man craned his neck stealthily at the edges

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of his collar, looked furtively around with his glittering eyes and vulpine face, and then started off rapidly after the girl. He caught up with the girl in the corridor beyond the stiles and they went on together.

The stiles still turned with their blunt, dull, wooden note, belated travellers came by with a lean shuffle of steps upon the cement floors, in the news-stand the dealer sold his wares, giving only an occasional and wearily indifferent glance at the dead man and the people, and in the cleared space round the bench the police were standing, waiting, with a stolid, weary, and impassive calm. A man had come in, walked across the space and was now talking to one of the police. The policeman was a young man with a solid strong-necked face that was full of dark color. He talked quietly out of the side of his mouth to the man who questioned him, and who was taking notes in a small black book. The man had a flabby yellowish face, weary eyes, and a flabby roll of flesh beneath his chin.

Meanwhile, the people who remained, having greedily sucked the last drop of nourishment from conversation, now stood silent, staring insatiably at the dead man with a quality of vision that had a dark, feeding, glutinous and almost physical property, and that seemed to be stuck upon the thing they watched.

By this time an astonishing thing had happened. Just as the dead man's figure had appeared to shrink and contract visibly within its garments, as if before our eyes the body were withdrawing out of a life with which it had no further relationships, so now did all the other properties of space and light, the dimensions of width, length, and distance that surrounded him, undergo an incredible change.

And it seemed to me that this change in the dimensions of space was occurring visibly and momently under my eyes, and that just as the man's body seemed to dwindle and recede so did the gray cement space around him. The space that separated him from the place where the police stood, and the gray space which separated us from the police, together with the distance of the tiled subway wall behind, all grew taller, wider, longer, enlarged themselves terrifically while I looked. It was as if we were all looking at the man across an immense and lonely distance. The dead man looked like a lonely little figure upon an enormous stage, and by his very littleness and loneliness in that immense gray space, he seemed to gain an awful dignity and grandeur.

And now, as it seemed to me, just as the living livid gray-faced dead men of the night were feeding on him with their dark and insatiate stare, so did he return their glance with a deathless and impassive irony, with a terrible mockery and scorn, which were as living as their own dark look, and would endure forever.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, that distorted vision was gone, all shapes and things and distances swam back once more into their proper focus. I could see the dead man sitting there in the gray space, and the people as they looked and were. And the police were driving forward again and thrusting at the people all about me.

But they could not bear to leave that little lonely image of proud death, that sat there stiffly with its grotesque, drunken dignity, its thin smile, as men are loyal to a lifeless shape, and guard and watch and will not leave it till the blind earth takes and covers it again. And they would not leave it now because proud death, dark death, the lonely dignity of proud dark death sat grandly there upon man's shabby image, and because they saw that nothing common, mean, or shabby on earth, nor all the fury, size, and number of the million-footed city could alter for an instant the immortal dignities of death, proud death, even when it rested on the poorest cipher in the streets.

Therefore they would not leave it from a kind of love and loyalty they bore it now; and because proud death was sitting grandly there and had spoken to them, and had stripped them down into their nakedness; and because they had built great towers against proud death, and had hidden from him in gray tunnels, and had tried to still his voice with all the brutal stupefactions of the street, but proud death, dark death, proud brother death, was striding in their city now, and he was taller than their tallest towers, and triumphant even when he touched a shabby atom of base clay, and all their streets were silent when he spoke.

Therefore they looked at him with awe, with terror and humility, and with love, for death, proud death, had come into their common and familiar places, and his face had shone terribly in gray tainted air, and he had matched his tongue, his stride, his dignities against the weary and brutal custom of ten million men, and he had stripped them down at length, and stopped their strident and derisive tongues, and in the image of their poorest fellow had shown them all the way that they must go, the awe and terror that would clothe them—and because of this they stood before him lonely, silent, and afraid.

Then, the last rituals of the law and church were followed, and the dead man was taken from their sight. The dead-wagon of the police had come. Two men in uniform came swiftly down the stairs and entered carrying a rolled stretcher. The stretcher was rolled out upon the cement floor, swiftly the dead man was lifted from the bench and laid down on the stretcher, and at the same moment, a priest stepped from the crowd, and knelt there on the floor beside the body.

He was a young man, plump, well kept, and very white, save for his garments, pork-faced, worldly, and unpriestly, and on his full white jaws was the black shaved smudge of a heavy beard. He wore a fine black overcoat with a velvet collar, and had on a scarf of fine white silk, and a derby hat, which he removed carefully and put aside when he knelt down. His hair was very black, fine-spun as silk, and getting thin on top. He knelt swiftly beside the dead man of the stretcher, raised his white, hairy hand, and as he did so, the five policemen straightened suddenly, whipped off their visored hats with a military movement, and stood rigidly for a moment, with their hats upon their hearts as the priest spoke a few swift words above the body which no one could hear. In a moment a few of the people in the crowd also took off their hats awkwardly, and presently the priest got up, put on his derby hat carefully, adjusted his coat and scarf, and stepped back into the crowd again. It was all over in a minute, done with the same inhuman and almost weary formality that the ambulance doctor had shown.

Then the two uniformed stretchermen bent down, took the handles of the

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stretcher, and, speaking in low voices to each other, lifted it. Then they started off at a careful step, but as they did so, the dead man's gray-tallow hands flapped out across the edges of the stretcher, and began to jog and jiggle in a grotesque manner with every step the stretcher-bearers took.

One of the men spoke sharply to another, saying, "Wait a minute! Put it down! Some one get his hands!"

The stretcher was laid down upon the floor again, a policeman knelt down beside the body and quickly stripped the dead man's necktie from his collar, which had been opened by the doctor and now gaped wide showing a brass collar-button in the neck-band of the shirt, and the round greenish discoloration of the brass collar-button in the dead yellowed tissues of the neck. The policeman took the dead man's necktie, which was a soiled, striped, and stringy thing of red and white, and quickly tied it in a knot around the dead man's wrists in order to keep his hands from jerking.

Then the stretcher-bearers lifted him again, and started off, the police striding before them toward the gate-way, thrusting the people back, and crying:

"Get back, there! Get back! Make way! Make way! Make way!"

The dead man's hands were silent now, tied together across his stomach, but his shabby old garments trembled, and his gray-yellow cheek-flanks quivered gently with every step the stretcher-bearers took. The gaping collar ends flapped stiffly as they walked and his soiled white shirt was partially unbuttoned revealing a dead, bony, tallowy-yellow patch of breast below, and his battered old brown hat was now pushed down so far over his face that it rested on his nose, and, together with the thin sunken smile of his mouth, intensified the grotesque and horrible appearance of drunkenness.

As for the rest of him—the decaying substance that had been his body—this seemed to have shrunk and dwindled away to almost nothing. One was no longer conscious of its existence. It seemed lost, subsided to nothing and indistinguishable in a pile of shabby old garments—an old gray overcoat, baggy old trousers, an old hat, a pair of scuffed and battered shoes. This in fact was all he now seemed to be: a hat, a thin grotesquely drunken smile, two trembling cheek flanks, two flapping collar-ends, two gray-grimy claws tied with a stringy necktie, and a shabby heap of worn, dingy, and nondescript garments that moved and oscillated gently with every step the stretcher-bearers took.

The stretcher men moved carefully yet swiftly through the gate and up the stairs of an obscure side opening which was marked "Exit." As they started up the grimy iron steps, the body sloped back a little heavily and the old brown hat fell off, revealing the dead man's thin, disordered, and gray-grimy hair. One of the policemen picked up the hat, saying to one of the stretcher bearers, "O. K. John, I've got it!" then followed him up-stairs.

It was now early morning, about half-past three o'clock, with a sky full of blazing and delicate stars, an immense and lilac darkness, a night still cool, and full of chill, but with all the lonely and jubilant exultancy of spring in it. Far-off, half-heard, immensely mournful, wild with joy and sorrow, there was a ship lowing in the gulf of night, a great boat blowing at the harbor's mouth.

The street looked dark, tranquil, almost deserted—as quiet as it could ever be, and at that brief hour when all its furious noise and movement of the day seemed stilled for a moment's breathing space, and yet preparing for another day. The taxis drilled past emptily, sparely, and at intervals, like projectiles, the feet of people made a lean and picketing noise upon the pavements, the lights burned green and red and yellow with a small hard lonely radiance that somehow filled the heart with strong joy and victory, and belonged to the wild exultancy of the night, the ships, the springtime, and of April. A few blocks farther up the street where the great shine and glitter of the night had burned immensely like a huge censer steaming always with a dusty, pollenated, immensely brilliant light, that obscene wink had now gone dull, and shone brownly, still livid but subdued.

When the stretcher-men emerged from the subway exit, the green dead-wagon of the police was waiting at the curb, and a few taxi-drivers with dark dingy faces had gathered on the sidewalk near the door. As the stretcher-men moved across the pavement with their burden, one of the taxi-men stepped after them, lifted his cap obsequiously to the dead man, saying eagerly:

"Taxi, sir! Taxi!"

One of the policemen, who was carrying the dead man's hat, stopped suddenly, turned around laughing, and lifted his club with jocular menace, saying to the taxi man:

"You son-of-a-bitch! Go on!"

Then the policeman, still laughing, saying "Jesus!" tossed the dead man's hat into the green wagon, into which the stretcher men had already shoved the body. Then one of the stretcher-men closed the doors, went around to the driver's seat where the other was already sitting, took out a cigarette and lit it between a hard cupped palm and a twisted mouth, climbed up beside the driver saying "O. K. John," and the wagon drove off swiftly. The police looked after it as it drove off. Then they all talked together for a moment more, laughed a little, spoke quietly of the plans, pleasures, and duties of the future, said good-night all around, and walked off, two up the street toward the dull brown-livid smoulder of the lights, and three down the street, where it was darker, quieter, more deserted, and where the lights would shift and burn green, yellow, red.

Meanwhile, the jesting taxi-man who had offered his services to the dead man on the stretcher turned briskly to his fellows with an air of something ended, saying sharply and jocosely:

"Well, whattya say, boy! Whattya say!"—at the same time sparring sharply and swiftly at one of the other drivers with his open hands. Then the taxi drivers walked away toward their lines of shining, silent machines, jesting, debating, denying, laughing in their strident and derisive voices.

And again, I looked and saw the deathless sky, the huge starred visage of the night, and heard the boats then on the river, a great ship baying at the harbor's mouth. And instantly an enormous sanity and hope of strong exultant joy surged up in me again; and like a man who knows he is mad with thirst, yet sees real rivers at the desert's edge, I knew I should not die and strangle like a mad dog in the tunnel's dark, I knew I should see light once

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more and know new coasts and come into strange harbors, and see again, as I had once, new lands and morning.

The face of the night, the heart of the dark, the tongue of the flame—I had known all things that lived or stirred or worked below her destiny. I was the child of night, a son among her mighty family, and I knew all that moved within the hearts of men who loved the night. I had seen them in a thousand places and nothing that they ever did or said was strange to me. As a child, when I had been a route boy on a morning paper, I had seen them on the streets of a little town—that strange and lonely company of men who prowl the night. Sometimes they were alone, and sometimes they went together in a group of two or three, forever in mid-watches of the night in little towns prowling up and down the empty pavements of bleak streets, passing before the ghastly waxen models in the windows of the clothing stores, passing below hard bulbous clusters of white light, prowling before the façades of a hundred darkened stores, pausing at length in some little lunch-room to drawl and gossip quietly, to thrust snout, lip, and sallow jowl into the stained depths of a coffee mug, or dully to wear the slow gray ash of time away without a word.

The memory of their faces, and their restless prowling of the night, familiar and unquestioned at the time, returned now with the strangeness of a dream. What did they want? What had they hoped to find as they prowled past a thousand doors in those little, bleak, and wintry towns?

Their hope, their wild belief, the dark song that the night awoke in them, this thing that lived in darkness while men slept and knew a secret and exultant triumph, and that was everywhere across the land, were written in my heart. Not in the purity and sweetness of dawn with all the brave and poignant glory of its revelation, nor in the practical and homely lights of morning, nor in the silent stature of the corn at noon, the drowsy hum and stitch of three o'clock across the fields, nor in the strange magic gold and green of its wild lyric wooded earth, nor even in the land that breathed quietly the last heat and violence of day away into the fathomless depth and brooding stillness of the dusk—as brave and glorious as these times and lights had been—had I felt and found the mystery, the grandeur, and the immortal beauty of America.

I had found the dark land at the heart of night, of dark, proud, secret night: the immense and lonely land lived for me in the brain of night. I saw its plains, its rivers, and its mountains spread out before me in all their dark immortal beauty, in all the space and joy of their huge sweep, in all their loneliness, savagery, and terror, and in all their immense and delicate fecundity. And my heart was one with the hearts of all men who had heard the strange wild music that they made, filled with unknown harmonies and a thousand wild and secret tongues crying to men the exultant and terrible music of wild earth, triumph and discovery, singing a strange and bitter prophecy of love and death.

For there was something living on the land at night. There was a dark tide moving in the hearts of men. Wild, strange and jubilant, sweeping on across the immense and sleeping earth, it had spoken to me in a thousand watches of the night, and the language of all its dark and secret tongues was written in my heart. It had passed above me with the rhythmical sustentions of its mighty wing, it had shot away with bullet cries of a demonic ecstasy on the swift howlings of the winter wind, it had come softly, numbly, with a dark impending prescience of wild joy in the dull soft skies of coming snow, and it had brooded, dark and wild and secret, in the night, across the land, and over the tremendous and dynamic silence of the city, stilled in its million cells of sleep, trembling forever in the night with the murmurous, remote and mighty sound of time.

And always, when it came to me, it had filled my heart with a wild exultant power that burst the limits of a little room, and that knew no stop of time or place or lonely distances. Joined to that dark illimitable energy of night, like a page to the wind, and westward, my spirit rushed across the earth with the wild post of the exultant furies of the dark, until I seemed to inhabit and hold within my compass the whole pattern of the earth, the huge wink of the enormous seas that feathered its illimitable shores, and the vast structure of the delicate and engulfing night.

And I was joined in knowledge and in life with an indubitable certitude to the great company of men who lived by night and had known and loved its mystery. I had known all joys and labors and designs that such men know. I had known all things living on the earth by night, and finally, I had known by night the immortal fellowship of those three with whom the best part of my life was passed—proud Death, and his stern brother, Loneliness, and their great sister, Sleep. I had watched my brother and my father die in the dark mid-watches of the night, and I had known and loved the figure of proud Death when he had come. I had lived and worked and wrought alone with Loneliness, my friend, and in the darkness, in the night, in all the sleeping silence of the earth, I had looked a thousand times into the visages of Sleep, and had heard the sound of her dark horses when they came.

Therefore, immortal fellowship, proud Death, stern Loneliness, and Sleep, dear friends, in whose communion I shall live forever, out of the passion and the substance of my life, I have made this praise for you:

To you, proud Death, who sit so grandly on the brows of little men—first to you! Proud Death, proud Death, whom I have seen by darkness, at so many times, and always when you came to nameless men, what have you ever touched that you have not touched with love and pity, Death? Proud Death, wherever we have seen your face, you came with mercy, love, and pity, Death, and brought to all of us your compassionate sentences of pardon and release. For have you not retrieved from exile the desperate lives of men who never found their home? Have you not opened your dark door for us who never yet found doors to enter, and given us a room who, roomless, doorless, unassuaged, were driven on forever through the streets of life? Have you not offered us your stern provender, Death, with which to stay the hunger that grew to madness from the food it fed upon, and given all of us the goal for which we sought but never found, the

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certitude, the peace, for which our overladen hearts contended, and made for us, in your dark house, an end of all the tortured wandering and unrest that lashed us on forever? Proud Death, proud Death, not for the glory that you added to the glory of the king, proud Death, nor for the honor you imposed upon the dignities of famous men, proud Death, nor for the final magic you have given to the lips of genius, Death, but because you come so gloriously to us who never yet knew glory, so proudly and sublimely to us whose lives were nameless and obscure, because you give to all of us—the nameless, faceless, voiceless atoms of the earth—the awful chrysm of your grandeur, Death, because I have seen and known you so well, and have lived alone so long with Loneliness, your brother, I do not fear you any longer, friend, and I have made this praise for you.

Now, Loneliness forever and the earth again! Dark brother and stern friend, immortal face of darkness and of night, with whom the half part of my life was spent, and with whom I shall abide now till my death forever, what is there for me to fear as long as you are with me? Heroic friend, blood-brother of proud Death, dark face, have we not gone together down a million streets, have we not coursed together the great and furious avenues of night, have we not crossed the stormy seas alone, and known strange lands, and come again to walk the continent of night, and listen to the silence of the earth? Have we not been brave and glorious when we were together, friend, have we not known triumph, joy, and glory on this earth—and will it not be again with me as it was then, if you come back to me? Come to me, brother, in the watches of the night, come to me in the secret and most silent heart of darkness, come to me as you always came, bringing to me again the old invincible strength, the deathless hope, the triumphant joy and confidence that will storm the ramparts of the earth again.

Come to me through the fields of night, dear friend, come to me with the horses of your sister, Sleep, and we shall listen to the silence of the earth and darkness once again, we shall listen to the heart beats of the sleeping men, as with soft and rushing thunder of their hooves the strange dark horses of great Sleep come on again.

They come! Ships call! The hooves of night, the horses of great Sleep, are coming on below their manes of darkness. And forever the rivers run. Deep as the tides of Sleep the rivers run. We call!

As from dark winds and waters of our sleep on which a few stars sparely look, we grope our feelers in the sea's dark bed. Whether to polyped spore, blind sucks or crawls or seavalves of the brain, we call through slopes and glades of night's dark waters on great fish. Call to the strange dark fish, or to the dart and hoary flaking of electric fins, or to the sea-worms of the brain that lash great fish to bloody froth upon the seafloor's coral stipes. Or, in vast thickets of our sleep call to blue gulphs and deep immensities of night, call to the cat's bright blazing glare and ceaseless prowl; call to all things that swim or crawl or fly, all subtlest unseen stirs, all half-heard, half-articulated whisperings, O forested and far!—call to the hooves of sleep through all the waste and lone immensity of night: "Return! Return!"

They come: My great dark horses come! With soft and rushing thunder of their hooves they come, and the horses of Sleep are galloping, galloping over the land.

Oh, softly, softly the great dark horses of Sleep are galloping over the land. The great black bats are flying over us. The tides of Sleep are moving through the nation; beneath the tides of Sleep and time strange fish are moving.

For Sleep has crossed the worn visages of day, and in the night time, in the dark, in all the sleeping silence of the towns, the faces of ten million men are strange and dark as time. In Sleep we lay all naked and alone, in Sleep we are united at the heart of night and darkness, and we are strange and beautiful asleep; for we are dying in the darkness, and we know no death, there is no death, there is no life, no joy, no sorrow and no glory on the earth but Sleep.

Come, mild and magnificent Sleep, and let your tides flow through the nation. Oh, daughter of unmemoried desire, sister of Death, and my stern comrade, Loneliness, bringer of peace and dark forgetfulness, healer and redeemer, dear enchantress, hear us: come to us through the fields of night, over the plains and rivers of the everlasting earth, bringing to the huge vexed substance of this world and to all the fury, pain, and madness of our lives the merciful anodyne of your redemption. Seal up the porches of our memory, tenderly, gently, steal our lives away from us, blot out the vision of lost love, lost days, and all our ancient hungers, great Transformer, heal us!

Oh, softly, softly, the great dark horses of Sleep are galloping over the land. The tides of Sleep are moving in the hearts of men, they flow like rivers in the night, they flow with lapse and reluctation of their breath, with glut and fullness of their dark unfathomed strength into a million pockets of the land and over the shores of the whole earth. They flow with the full might of their advancing and inexorable flood across the continent of night, across the breadth and sweep of the immortal earth, until the hearts of all men living are relieved of their harsh weight, the souls of all men who have ever drawn in the breath of anguish and of labor are healed, assuaged, and conquered by the vast enchantments of dark, silent, all-engulfing sleep.

Sleep falls like silence on the earth, it fills the hearts of ninety million men, it moves like magic in the mountains, and walks like night and darkness across the plains and rivers of the earth, until low upon lowlands, and high upon hills, flows gently sleep, smooth-sliding sleep—oh, sleep—sleep—sleep!

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